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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

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"THUS HAVE I HEARD"—
THE WILL TO REAL FREEDOM

We who break tradition, we believe mankind is one,
Humanity will only rise when nations decompose.
It is by constant suffering that man can conquer pain,
Thus too much pain itself has put an end to all my woes.
The cities that ye see today, tomorrow will in ruins lie,
The tears that flow from Ghalib's eye are words of one who knows.
— GHALIB

ON THE fifteenth of this month India will celebrate the eleventh anniversary of the political freedom she won in 1947. Five months later Gandhiji, the chief who had won that freedom, was martyred. His murderer was a Maharashtrian, a religious fanatic ensouled by hatred and ignorance, who fancied himself a patriot. What kind of patriotism was this?

If Gandhiji was a channel for the forces of love and constructive labour and a spokesman for millions, his murderer was a medium for the forces of religious, provincial and national dogmatism, infused into him by a few narrow-minded and mean-hearted people.

"Light and darkness are the world's eternal ways," says the *Gita*, and, while the drama of Indian Independence displays the White Light of Truth and Harmlessness on the one side, it is stained by the black, violent evil on the other.

Patriotism of the right type ensouled Gandhiji and his true devotees and followers. He said :—

> For me patriotism is the same as humanity. I am patriotic because I am human and humane. It is not exclusive. I will not hurt England or Germany to serve India. Imperialism has no place in my scheme of life. The law of a patriot is not different from that of the patriarch. And a patriot is so much the less a patriot if he is a lukewarm humanitarian. There is no conflict between private and political law.

At the present hour India is suffering from the fratricidal spirit of false patriotism. To begin with, there is inimical feeling towards things foreign; for example, those who advocate the use of English as the official language are dubbed unpatriotic and those who put the good of the country above that of their city or province are condemned. In the State declared to be secular, creedal rivalries flourish. And so on and so forth, and all in the name of patriotism. Such patriotism is of the dark side; it is parochial and, therefore, violent. In scathing language Leo Tolstoy has described this false type of patriotism:—

> Every government explains its existence and justifies all its violence on the ground that if it were not there things would be worse. Having convinced the people that they are in danger, the governments dominate them. And when the peoples are dominated by governments the latter compel them to attack each other. And in this way a belief in the governments' assurance of the danger of attacks by other nations is confirmed among the peoples.
>
> Patriotism in its simplest, clearest, and most indubitable meaning is nothing but an instrument for the attainment of the government's ambitious and mercenary aims, and a renunciation of human dignity, common sense, and conscience by the governed, and a slavish submission to those who hold power. That is what is really preached wherever patriotism is championed.
>
> Patriotism is slavery.
>
> The subjection of men to government will always continue as long as patriotism exists, for every ruling power rests on patriotism — on the readiness of men to submit to power for the sake of the defence of their own people and country, that is, their State, from the dangers supposed to threaten them.

These views of the great humanitarian compeer of Gandhiji are worthy of serious study and calm reflection.

Has the India of 1958 something to learn from the ideal of *Ahimsa* and the ideas of Gandhiji and Tolstoy? Or is India to continue in its parochial mentality? Should no serious effort be made to instil into Indian hearts and minds the grand words of William Lloyd Garrison: "Our country is the World; our countrymen are all mankind"?

The real strength and supremacy of a state rests not on its wealth, not on its trade, not even on its education and culture. By its embodiment and expression of moral principles does a state show its real power. In the international world it is by its justice or injustice that any State is to be recognized as great or small, powerful or weak, good or wicked—justice not only within its own geographical boundary and to its own citizens, but

mighty and magnanimous justice to all nations, to all peoples. Justice free from animosity and hatred implies justice free from selfishness, justice charged by the spirit of wisdom which "sweetly ordereth all things."

On this occasion, before the celebration of Independence Day, it would be wise for all among the rulers and at least some among the ruled to seek for the causes of the prevailing parochialism, corruption, nepotism and mean *parti pris*. *Devi Bhagavata* asks: "How shall there be in the Samsara an uncaused action?"

What is the real problem of India? It is not to be located in the north in Kashmir, or in the south in Kerala State—these are effects and symptoms. Not in the language disputes, fraught with bitterness alike in Tamil Nad and in Uttar Pradesh. Not in provincial rivalry, silly and unprofitable, as between "Maha Gujarat" and "Samyukta Maharashtra." These effects will not be removed by technology, by mechanical and engineering skill, by several five-year plans.

A great proclamation is made in the old-world *History of Ch'u*—"The State in Ch'u has no treasure, doing good is our only treasure." Not the force of greatness but the spirit of goodness should be brought forth. And so again the Wisdom of Ancient China proclaims: "The material prosperity of a nation does not consist in its material prosperity, but in righteousness." Men of affairs on Capitol Hill in Washington or in Westminster in London may smile smugly at these words, but for all that they are impractical. It was the politicians at Paris and Berlin, at London and Washington, who made wars and created Lenin and his cohorts, and not only the autocratic Czars. Let not Delhi and India follow their pattern, their rule of life, but let us look to the truly practical men—Confucius and Christ, Lao Tzu and Buddha, Pythagoras and Plato, and their modern pupils like Thoreau and Garrison, Tolstoy and Gandhiji.

Gandhiji is acclaimed everywhere as the Father of the Nation. Is not the true way to honour his memory to adopt fearlessly his policy of non-violence in State affairs—in our national planning and our international relationships? India produced Gandhiji, the man of peace, the patriot who loved all humanity, whose murder made him a martyr; we must salute him, his peers and his teachers—the Long Line of Cosmopolitan Souls, the Real Servants of the Human Race.

Thus shall the India of today realize the Will to Real Freedom.

SHRAVAKA

RACE CONFLICTS IN SOUTH AFRICA

[THE STORY of race prejudice and injustice which is unfolded here with commendable restraint by **Mr. E. S. Sachs** brings out strikingly how far humanity is from brotherhood *in actu*. Mr. Sachs, now living outside South Africa but well known for his stand against his country's tyrannical racial laws, and as an authority on industrial life and labour relations in South Africa, has written numerous books dealing with its challenging problems.

Tyranny is bound to be defeated and signs are present to assure us that the immoral policy of Apartheid cannot survive. Men like Mr. Sachs deserve salute from all lovers of Liberty.— ED.]

ON APRIL 16TH, 1958, the Nationalist Party of South Africa, led by the ailing Mr. J. G. Strijdom, scored its third successive victory since 1948, when it first secured a majority of seats and took over the government of the country. The 9,250,000 Africans, the 1,250,000 "Coloured" and the 400,000 Indian people were silent spectators without a voice or a vote, although their fate figured prominently in the election. The Coloured people were removed from the common voters' roll a year ago and elected four European representatives to the Union House of Assembly on April 3rd. The Africans, who constitute 70% of the total population, elect 3 European representatives out of a total of 163. It is doubtful, however, whether they will have any representation at all for long, as Dr. Verwoerd, Minister of Native Affairs, has stated that a law will soon be passed to remove native representatives altogether from the Union Parliament. The Indian people have no franchise rights whatever.

Among the 2,000,000 Afrikaners and 1,000,000 British who have the right to vote some are more "equal" than others. In accordance with a law passed by the Nationalist Government in 1953 the 25,000 White voters of South West Africa elect 6 members—in the large cities that number of voters would elect only 2. The rural constituencies which are almost entirely Nationalist have an average roll of under 10,000, whereas the average in the urban constituencies is over 12,000. In spite of Nationalist gerrymandering, they failed to secure the support of the majority of the White electorate when the 24 constituencies which they did not contest are taken into consideration. On a 49% vote, however, they did succeed in capturing 103 seats against 53 for the United Party. The three candidates of the Liberal Party were defeated, only one saving his deposit. The two Labour Party candidates, who had both been in the last Parliament and earned the respect of all intelligent South Africans for their courage and ability, were both defeated, one losing his deposit.

The year 1957 was one of the blackest in the history of South Africa, a country which has known many black years. Unless something unforeseen happens the coming years will see an increase in the oppression of the 11,000,000 non-Whites and in the persecution of Whites who dare to oppose the Nationalist Government's policy.

Civilized people throughout the world have consistently expressed their indignation at the inhuman policy of racial intolerance as preached and practised by successive governments in South Africa, whether that policy is presented in its brutal nakedness of Apartheid by the Nationalists, or as hypocritically labelled "Christian Trusteeship" by the late General Smuts. Yet there are not a few apologists in Britain and elsewhere for that policy. Spokesmen for the Nationalist Government abroad present Apartheid as a policy of "equal but separate development for Whites and non-Whites in the interests of both racial groups." Thus in the Summary of the Report of the Tomlinson Commission (Chapter 4, Par. 3) we find in referring to Apartheid the following:—

> In this connection, it must be emphasized at the outset that it would be erroneous to allege that this pattern originated solely or even in the first instance, from selfish and oppressive considerations, or only favours the European. Actually it is based on two clearly perceptible principles, namely (1) self-protection and self-preservation on the side of the Europeans, and (2) recognition and protection of the Bantu's own institutions, etc., and of their needs, interests and rights. To a large extent these two principles are not mutually conflicting, but complementary, and they are frequently applied as a harmonious entity. However, as the Bantu are introduced into non-Bantu areas and become more and more detribalized and westernized, the European will be confronted with ever greater problems in regard to the maintenance of his position of authority.

When addressing the White electors, however, the Nationalists are not so well-mannered but more truthful, and they sum up Apartheid as "*Die Kaffer op se plek en die Koelie uit die land*" (The Kaffir in his place and the Coolie out of the country).

Even a cursory examination of the history of South Africa, the laws and regulations enacted to further the so-called "equal but separate development for Whites and non-Whites," will prove conclusively that the philosophy and practice of *Baaskap* (White domination) is not only inhuman and immoral and designed to degrade, oppress and impoverish the non-Whites, but that it is unprofitable to the Whites and, if persisted in, will lead to inevitable disaster for Whites and non-Whites alike.

After a hundred and fifty years of *Baaskap*, nine successful Kaffir wars, the seizure by Whites of 90% of the land, the creation of millions of landless African labourers, it was conservatively estimated in 1929 that out of a total Afrikaner population of over 1,000,000 at least 300,000 were poor Whites, living in an abyss of poverty and misery on incomes of less than £20 a year. A similar number lived on an income of about £50 a year. Hopelessness and despair filled their lives; and in the course of time they lost not only the possibility of escape but even the energy to extricate themselves from their misery. They were saved from total degeneration, but not by the champions of *Baaskap* who were quite helpless and could offer only myths about White Supremacy, some charity and prayer.

The industrial development of the country, which proceeded in spite of the advocates of White Supremacy, saved the Afrikaners from disaster. There was no legal colour bar in industry and thousands of factories sprang up where Whites and non-Whites worked side by side. Today over 1,000,000 non-Whites work in the manufacturing industries, commerce, transportation and other occupations, and about 500,000 Whites. The influx of non-Whites and the improvement in their skill, far from undermining the standards of Europeans and causing unemployment among them, had the very opposite effect. Hard facts indubitably prove that the economic colour bar offers no defence for White workers; on the contrary it undermines their standards.

The fantasies and myths inspired by the leaders of the Nationalist Party rule South African political life: hard facts and realities seem to find no place. The Nationalists know in their hearts that their policy of oppression will not save but destroy the White community; yet, having swallowed the philosophy and technique of the Nazis and determined to maintain themselves in power at all costs, they are relentlessly and with ever increasing recklessness following the road which must lead to catastrophe.

Those who are conversant with South African facts and realities find the hypocritical talk of the Nationalists and their friends about Apartheid being in the interests of both sections of the community positively sickening. Admittedly the basis for African oppression had been laid long ago. In 1911, one year after the Union was established, the Native Labour Regulations Act was passed, an Act which deprives all African workers of the most elementary rights. In 1912 was passed the Works and Mines Act, which prohibits the employment of African mine workers, who number nearly half a million, in any skilled occupation. In 1913 the Native Land Act was passed dividing South Africa into "Black" and "White" areas.

Over 90% was demarcated as "White," in which Africans are prohibited from owning any land, and less than 10% was allocated to the Africans, who constitute more than two thirds of the population.

Yes, the policy of "Christian Trusteeship" pursued by the Smuts Government was not fundamentally better than Strijdom's policy of Apartheid, yet there are several important differences between the two. The policy of Christian Trusteeship was an expedient. The White mine owners and the White farmers needed a vast reservoir of cheap native labour, and Christian Trusteeship was designed to supply 500,000 African mine workers at less than £4 a month and 1,000,000 agricultural labourers at a wage ranging from £10 to £25 a year. Apartheid, on the other hand, has become a national philosophy, eternal, immutable and, according to the Nationalists, designed by Providence. Under Smuts the door was not altogether closed to the Africans; and what a comfort it is to the masses of the oppressed to know that there is at least a ray of hope for them!

Under the Nationalists the door has been shut, the lamps of liberty extinguished and all that the oppressed non-Whites can look forward to is more oppression and humiliation. Those who are anxious to know the truth about Apartheid need only peruse the South African Statute Book since 1948. Under the Group Areas Act every non-White group or community can be forcibly uprooted by the Minister for the Interior and transplanted elsewhere. The Urban Areas Act, prohibiting Africans from living in the cities which they helped to build, compels them to live in shanty towns, in squalor and misery, miles away from the place where they work. These laws also compel Africans to carry numerous passes, and various regulations give departmental officials the power to deport Africans from urban areas. Under the Riotous Assemblies and Suppression of Communism Acts non-Whites and Whites may be banned from certain areas, banished, removed from any public position they may hold and forced to live in isolation. Gatherings, even of the most peaceful nature, may be prohibited. *The Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1953 provides penalties of five years' imprisonment, ten lashes and a £500 fine for persons participating in or aiding passive resistance campaigns.* The Bantu Education Act of 1953 introduces an entirely new and diabolical principle in education. This law decrees that the entire system of education for Africans shall be designed for making them good servants for the Whites.

From the end of 1956 new waves of oppression began to sweep the country. On December 5th of that year 140 homes were raided at dawn and 140 men and women of all races, representing a cross-section of South

African society, were dragged out and rushed to the Johannesburg Fort and charged with High Treason. Sixteen more were later arrested. A year later 65 were released after a protracted preparatory examination: 91 will face trial by a special criminal court in June or July. High Treason is a capital offence under South African law. Early in January 1957 the new Industrial Conciliation Act became law. Under this Act White and non-White workers are prohibited from belonging to the same trade union, and the Minister of Labour is given unchallengeable power to remove workers belonging to any racial group from any industry, trade or occupation. In due course the University Apartheid Bill followed, as also the Native Laws Amendment Bill *prohibiting social intercourse between Whites and non-Whites even in places of worship.*

Nationalist oppression and terror, far from crushing the spirit of Freedom among the non-Whites and a small number of courageous Whites, has had the very opposite effect. Resistance to tyranny is growing rapidly. Five years ago the African National Congress, the mouthpiece of the African people, had barely 5,000 members and comparatively little influence; today it has a membership of over 100,000 and a following among millions. Over a year ago 150,000 Africans staged a Bus Boycott, deciding to walk to and from work. The passive, silent, dignified march of 150,000 pairs of African feet spread fear amongst their oppressors.

The whole of the African continent is awakening and if the three million Whites in South Africa still refuse to pay heed to the spirit of freedom which is sweeping Africa they will have only themselves to blame if disaster overtakes them.

E. S. SACHS

JUSTICE being preserved, will preserve; being destroyed, will destroy. Take heed lest justice, being overthrown, overthrow thee and us all.

—*The Laws of Manu*, VIII. 15

THE EDUCATIONAL PHILOSOPHY OF JOHN DEWEY

[THE GREAT AMERICAN EDUCATIONIST Dr. John Dewey could hardly have a better memorial than the English primary school system patterned on his ideas, a most attractive picture of which **Miss Elizabeth Cross** draws in this article. A nation can work its own regeneration by educating aright its children and John Dewey himself has sagely written: "What the best and wisest parent wants for his own child, that must the community want for all its children. Any other ideal for our schools is narrow and unlovely; acted upon it destroys our democracy."—ED.]

EACH school morning thousands of small children in our primary schools are happily, if unconsciously, giving practical demonstrations of the philosophy of John Dewey, whose work as Professor at Chicago and Columbia Universities has had so wide an influence.

Instead of the five-and-six-year-olds sitting down, passively, to have whatever the teacher thinks is good for them, and being encouraged in bad habits of competition and self-sufficiency, they are all actively engaged in occupations that are worth while to them at that very moment, and fully social.

For those who have seen little of what is best in modern education (and these "moderns" have to thank those pioneers, Froebel, Pestalozzi, Dewey and the rest for the fight they put up for the children) it may be helpful to explain just how we, who believe in Dewey's creed, put it into action. After that it will be possible to detail more clearly his educational philosophy. As a pragmatist, whose conception of thought and knowledge stressed the value of the practical, he would, I feel sure, approve of such an approach.

Here it is then: ten minutes to nine and around two hundred small boys and girls of five to seven hurrying *eagerly* to school, carrying such treasures as flowers, fossils, an antler shed by a deer, a live hedgehog, birthday cards, empty boxes with which to build a castle, matchboxes, a newspaper —a hundred and one "useful things" from home, to share with their classes. Thus they demonstrate Dewey's first articles of belief:—

> I believe that the school is primarily a social institution . . . education . . . is a process of living and not a preparation for future living . . . the school life should grow gradually out of the home life.[1]

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[1] All quotations are from *Education Today* by JOHN DEWEY. Edited by JOSEPH RATNER (George Allen and Unwin, London. 1941). Pp. 6-7.

They come into school in a friendly way, they talk, they help each other to hang up coats, change shoes and so on. They gather eagerly in their classrooms and help their teachers prepare the rooms for the day's work. They cover tables with newspaper or special cloths, they put out paint, clay, weaving materials, sewing, dolls, puzzles. They prepare a library corner with beautiful books, they sort them into different sections, often they count them to make sure all is in order. They arrange flowers, share scissors and brushes, always talking and discussing, counting, measuring and enlarging their vocabularies and concepts.

The first hour consists of free choice of activities, when most of the children are busy "doing" all kinds of crafts and arts, including gardening. Some children like to sit and watch or think for a while: they watch the aquarium, they watch bees visit flowers, they watch birds, or help care for pets. In this way they demonstrate John Dewey's belief:—

> The true centre of correlation on the school subjects is not science, nor literature, nor history nor geography, but the child's own social activities. The so-called expressive or constructive activities are the centre of correlation—this gives the standard for the place of cooking, sewing, manual training, etc., in the school.[2]

We have found, through experience, that John Dewey's belief in what he, for want of a better expression, called "manual training" and which we now term "activities" can form the basis for a happy, natural growth in the child. It is not "play" in the adult sense of the term; rather it is a strenuous type of purposeful occupation such as man, in the earlier days of rural life, was accustomed to. Man naturally, before he became urbanized, arrived at wisdom through care of and attention to animals and crops, through contact with nature. He used his larger muscles; he was occupied with the hewing of wood and the drawing of water; he built his house, wove and made clothes. He was, in fact, "active" in an enormous variety of ways, and he learnt by doing. Children, naturally, tend to live in this way, and we in the schools have discovered the truth that John Dewey preached, and those of us who are patient enough find that these so-called "free" children are willing and co-operative and obedient (when necessary, and make far greater and more satisfactory progress in all kinds of learning than do those who are forced to "attend" by repressive discipline.

But what about the "three R's" and so on? Here again we can demonstrate the amazingly far-seeing stand taken by the philosopher when

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[2] Pp. 9-10.

he protested against the over-reverent attitude held towards reading and writing. As long ago as 1898, in his article "The Primary Education Fetich" (*The Forum*), he was deploring that the first three years of the child's school life should be mainly taken up with learning to read and write his own language. He shows plainly that from the physical and psychological point of view early reading and writing are bad and cause great strain, and that around eight years of age is early enough for any great attention to visual and written language forms. There are, of course, exceptional children, but these will teach themselves soon enough. From my own experience (I had no sight of books until I was seven, owing to illness, and then learnt to read in about three months) children who are read to, who understand that books are wonderful and valuable, who see pictures, and perhaps plenty of useful notices, can be shown how to read in a very short time if the teacher has the patience to wait for the right moment. When is this? Usually when a child peers over your shoulder, asking, "What does that say?" and then points to one word after another, comparing them.

Often teachers apologize when sending me a child of seven, saying: "He can't read a thing, really." I don't mind at all, for just as soon as he is ready to read I can teach him in a month or so, enough to let him help himself. We can thank John Dewey and others of like mind for giving teachers the right to keep children free from the burden of too early reading, also for showing the true value of books, which he explains by saying:—

> It should be obvious that what I have in mind is not a Philistine attack upon books and reading. The question is not how to get rid of them, but how to get their value,—how to use them to their capacity as servants of the intellectual and moral life....Our ideal should be that the child should have a personal interest in what is read, a personal hunger for it.[3]

In connection with this question of reading, which is of immense importance to us all—adults as well as college and school students—Dewey emphasizes the great need for personal experience of life itself instead of a slavish imitation of that which is to be found in books. He wishes children to be encouraged to explore by using their own senses of sight, touch, hearing, smell; to build up a store of real, first-hand experience, so that on being told to find out something they will have some idea of how to "look" and discover. He then shows the importance of teaching how to use books when once the art of reading is acquired, so that still further knowledge

[3] P. 29.

can be gained. He says:—

> To turn quickly to a number of books bearing upon a given topic, to choose what is needed, and to find out what is characteristic...and important...[these] are matters...which...even graduate students have to learn.[4]

He would be happy indeed if he could see the little parties of six-and seven-year-olds going down to our "Display Board" and gazing at the pictures and written notices put up by the eight-year-olds and other more senior classes. Some of the more advanced young ones can read a lot of what is shown, and they see whole symposia made co-operatively by a different class each fortnight, on such subjects as "Travel Through the Ages," "Life in India," "Roman Life," "Animal Pets and How to Care for Them." Our children sometimes begin reading quite late, although even the youngest like to begin great big writing in coloured chalks so as to label their pictures and constructions; but once they *can* read they use the tool intelligently.

How do the younger children spend the rest of their day after the first period of constructive activities? How does this time fit in with Dewey's philosophy? Well, they tidy up, each and all helping to the best of their ability, using plenty of their bigger muscles in the process; gaining in control by sweeping, putting away in cupboards, washing paint jars, counting up the materials and making sure all is in order for the next day.

After this we may have a quiet time in the class, or a communal short service in which we do our best to avoid all narrow doctrines but encourage the child's natural sense of wonder at the world. We sing simple songs of praise, thanking our Heavenly Father for the rain, hearing stories of our brothers the animals and birds. Here, I fear, we would not please any very orthodox Christian! In connection with religion, Dewey was faced with a more difficult problem than we have in England, for, as he says in his article "Religion in our Schools,"[5] "We certainly cannot teach religion as an abstract essence....In America, at least, the answer cannot be summarily given even as Christianity in general." After a very thorough examination of the difficulties facing the schools he shows definite approval of their policy of "hands off" in the matter of definite religious instruction in the narrower sense of the word. But, and this is of the utmost importance as I think it is the attitude of very many worthy teachers of today, he says:—

> Our schools, in bringing together those of different nationalities,

[4] Pp. 30-31.

[5] *The Hibbert Journal*, July 1908.

> languages, traditions and creeds, in assimilating them together upon the basis of what is common and public in endeavour and achievement, *are performing an infinitely significant religious work* [Italics ours]. They are promoting the social unity out of which in the end genuine religious unity must grow.[6]

The rest of the day is spent in many happy ways, physical activities with balls, ropes, hoops, climbing, playing games with a certain number of rules in order to develop willing discipline; with dancing both free and organized, with listening to music, singing and learning to play simple instruments. Then there are stories and poems to widen knowledge and give the imagination further food. Incidentally, the children wait upon one another at "Milk-Time" and at the School Dinner, the older ones seated at tables of eight, serving the food and helping clear away, all carefully supervised by teachers and other helpers.

The school life for the older children follows much the same pattern, except that their activities tend, naturally, to include more use of books and written work, but they do far less with other people's books and far more in making their own. Here they follow Dewey's ideal for using the school as a

> place for getting and testing experience, as real and adequate to the child upon his existing level as all the resources of laboratory and library afford to the scientific man upon his level.[7]

We take the children out to visit such social institutions as the Post Office, the Milk and Dairy Works, the farm across the road, the cathedral and other historic buildings, the gravel pits and so on—and from the raw material of these visits the children compile books, posters, notices, exhibitions to show the other classes and so on. From such beginnings they look further afield into the many books available in school or which can be borrowed from the school library.

Finally, I feel I should quote Dewey again in order to show his spiritual outlook on this whole question of "manual training," as, unlike many lesser thinkers, he writes with a clarity that is unsurpassed:—

> Manual training can never take its proper place . . . as long as its chief aim is measured either by the actual result produced or by the gain in technical skill that comes. . . . To give play, to give expression to his motor instincts, and to do this in such a way *that the child shall be brought to know the larger aims and processes of living*, is the problem [Italics ours].

Further, he says that in this way we can help the child to understand

[6] Pp. 80-81.

[7] P. 71.

"the methods by which man attains control of nature, and makes good in life his ideals."[8]

In this article I have merely indicated the main influences of Dewey, merely implying his abiding faith in democracy, in human freedom and in the spiritual significance of modern science. Schools today, all over the world, owe him much. There is but one cause for sorrow and that is the fact that now in America some of his teaching has been shockingly perverted. There are many schools (even for younger children) where animals are treated with callous brutality in the name of scientific experiment, where children are encouraged to watch the slow starvation of rats (when studying food values). Such "science" is not what Dewey had in mind when he advocated practical observation. His whole aim was to elevate the pupil; his choice of subject-matter was designed to encourage "virtue" in the Platonic sense. His aim for all schools was, he said, to encourage

> the spiritual import of science and of democracy, and hence of that type of religion which will be the fine flower of the modern spirit's achievement.[9]

ELIZABETH CROSS

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WE MUST bring into human affairs the conception that above and behind the positive law of the State there is the law of man, the law of nature and perhaps the law eternal. The ancient Indian Lawgiver declares: "Law is that which sustains, by law are the peoples held together."

—*Transaction No. 13* of the Indian Institute of World Culture, p. 14

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[8] Pp. 58-59.
[9] P. 86.

THE MENACE OF TOTALITARIANISM

ORWELL'S VISION OF THE FUTURE

[GEORGE ORWELL's warnings in his *Animal Farm* and *1984* are sufficiently terrible to awaken men to the menace of totalitarianism under whatever label.

Mr. Peter Malekin analyzes here some of his earlier works, which are also thought-provoking and convincing of his *bona fides*. Not least suggestive among the points brought out by Mr. Malekin is Orwell's recognition of the possibilities of a regenerating practical brotherhood, as he had briefly glimpsed it in the early days of fighting on the Republican side in the Spanish Civil War.

Since then more of the world has sunk in the mire of totalitarianism. This article points to the prevailing weakness in the present-day freedom-proclaiming States. Indirectly and unconsciously to themselves are they not adopting the Russian methods? Such methods have resulted in the loss of human dignity and the death of human freedom.—ED.]

THE BELIEF that the writer represents in heightened form the sensibility of his time is certainly true of George Orwell. He had, in common with most of the intelligent minds of his generation, an acute awareness of social and political issues. He shared with his contemporaries a firm faith in the efficacy of political action. He was marked out, however, by a more than average feeling for human suffering and a living concern for values much wider than merely material ones. He was, perhaps, not an intellectual in the most limited meaning of the term; for he never disguised the fact that his thought followed his emotional reactions to practical experience. His approach to living was empirical and he never shows signs of having constructed or having wanted to construct an all-embracing philosophy to justify his concern for material human suffering or for the freedom of the human mind. He was capable of illogicality and unfairness, which was all to the good, for one instinctively distrusts a man who seems without prejudice, unless his mental attitude is accompanied by an almost inhuman degree of compassion.

Together with these qualities Orwell had about him something of the saint. His character recalls the peroration of Andrew Undershaft in *Major Barbara*:—

> Have you ever been in love with Poverty, like St. Francis?
> Have you ever been in love with Dirt, like St. Simeon?
> Have you ever been in love with disease and suffering, like our nurses and philanthropists?

Orwell was in love with poverty, in love with suffering. He did not rest content with a sympathy for poverty from a distance, but went out of his way to feel what the ragged and starving felt and to identify himself with them. After his education at Eton and a time in the Indian Imperial Police in Burma, Orwell began his pilgrimage through dirt and misery. He lived—and starved—in a slum in Paris; he became a tramp and wandered from casual ward to casual ward in England; he lived in the worst slum boarding-houses in the North; and, with many another writer of the thirties, he fought for the Republicans in the Spanish Civil War.

Most of the experiences he passed through added something to Orwell's intellectual life. He set out with good but vague intentions:—

> Hence, at the age of seventeen or eighteen, I was both a snob and a revolutionary. I was against all authority. I had read and re-read the entire published works of Shaw, Wells, and Galsworthy (at that time still regarded as dangerously "advanced" writers), and I loosely described myself as a Socialist. But I had not much grasp of what Socialism meant, and no notion that the working class were human beings. (*The Road to Wigan Pier*)

For what reason it is difficult to conceive, he joined the police in Burma and was disgusted by what he saw. The mere presence of the British in Burma and India he felt to be "an unjustifiable tyranny," but the reasons for his disgust went further than this. He found it difficult to stomach the physical brutality of the methods used illegally by the police. What the British Empire meant for the Burmese was forcefully brought home to him: "In the police you see the dirty work of Empire at close quarters, and there is an appreciable difference between doing dirty work and merely profiting by it" (*The Road to Wigan Pier*). Many of the impressions and experiences from this time are recorded in his novel *Burmese Days*.

Back in England, the experience of Burma was still with him: "I was conscious of an immense weight of guilt that I had got to expiate" (*The Road to Wigan Pier*). He developed his interest in the working classes:—

> Once I had been among them and accepted by them, I should have touched bottom, and — this is what I felt: I was aware even then that it was irrational — part of my guilt would drop from me. (*The Road to Wigan Pier*)

To his surprise he was accepted without question by the fraternity of the penniless; on his first entry into a doss-house he was greeted by a sozzled stevedore who threw his arms round him and said, "'Ave a cup of tea, chum! 'Ave a cup of tea." He did his utmost to make sure that he was always met as an equal, though this was not always easy to achieve.

It was in Spain on the Aragon front during the Spanish Civil War that Orwell felt he had at last met an egalitarian society:—

> There was no boss-class, no menial-class, no beggars, no prostitutes, no lawyers, no priests, no boot-licking, no cap-touching. I was breathing the air of equality. (*Homage to Catalonia*)

Here political consciousness became more than a mere theory for him:—

> I had dropped more or less by chance into the only community of any size in Western Europe where political consciousness and disbelief in capitalism were more normal than their opposites. Up here in Aragon one was among tens of thousands of people, mainly though not entirely of working-class origin, all living at the same level and mingling on terms of equality. In theory it was perfect equality, and even in practice it was not far from it. There is a sense in which it would be true to say that one was experiencing a foretaste of Socialism, by which I mean that the prevailing mental atmosphere was that of Socialism. Many of the normal motives of civilized life — snobbishness, money-grubbing, fear of the boss, etc.— had simply ceased to exist. . . . However much one cursed at the time, one realized afterwards that one had been in contact with something strange and valuable. (*Homage to Catalonia*)

In this atmosphere and surrounded by the politically conscious, his own political ideas began to clarify. He was attracted by temperament and belief towards the free and decentralized society of Anarchism. But the major effect of his experiences was a complete disillusionment with Russian Communism. As the Communist Party gradually gained control of the Republican forces, it proceeded to liquidate its allies, the Trotskyist Communists and the Anarchists. In Barcelona the factions came to open strife. The fighting was followed by political persecution. The result was that Orwell, who had by chance joined a Trotskyist fighting unit, was in grave danger and many of his friends disappeared into the Spanish prisons, while the Communist newspapers reported a vast Fascist plot in order to justify the purge.

> In Barcelona, during all those last weeks I spent there, there was a peculiar evil feeling in the air — an atmosphere of suspicion, fear, uncertainty, and veiled hatred. . . . However little you were actually conspiring, the atmosphere forced you to feel like a conspirator. You seemed to spend all your time holding whispered conversations in corners of cafés and wondering whether that person at the next table was a police spy. . . . Police spies were everywhere. The jails were still crammed with prisoners left over from the May fighting, and others — always, of course, Anarchist and P.O.U.M. [the Trotskyist party] adherents — were disappearing into jail by ones and twos. . . . It is not easy to convey the

> nightmare atmosphere of that time — the peculiar uneasiness produced by rumours that were always changing, by censored newspapers and the constant presence of armed men....It was as though some huge evil intelligence were brooding over the town. Everyone noticed it and remarked upon it. And it was queer how everyone expressed it in almost the same words: "The atmosphere of this place — it's horrible. Like being in a lunatic asylum." (*Homage to Catalonia*)

In this atmosphere, of course, mental freedom disappeared, and Orwell knew from first-hand experience how this could happen and what it meant:—

> It would be impossible for me, for instance, to debate the rights and wrongs of the Barcelona fighting with a Communist Party member, because no Communist — that is to say, no "good" Communist — could admit that I have given a truthful account of the facts. If he followed his party "line" dutifully he would have to declare that I am lying or, at best, that I am hopelessly misled and that anyone who glanced at the *Daily Worker* headlines a thousand miles from the scene of events knows more of what was happening in Barcelona than I do. In such circumstances there can be no argument; the necessary minimum of agreement cannot be reached. What purpose is served by saying that men like Maxton [a Trotskyist adherent] are in Fascist pay? Only the purpose of making serious discussion impossible. (*Homage to Catalonia*)

These conditions Orwell reproduced in his two famous novels, *Animal Farm* and *1984*, together with many of the material conditions he had experienced in Spain, such as the tobacco, which was so bad that it fell out of the cigarettes if you turned them on end.

Orwell relinquished Anarchism, not because he disagreed with its ideals, but because he felt that it was an unworkable system in the twentieth century. The best alternative he felt to be Socialism, and he defended it from Anarchist attack: "It is meaningless to oppose Socialism on the ground that you object to the beehive State, for the beehive State *is here*" (*The Road to Wigan Pier*).

As for the other alternatives, they were Fascism with its ally the Roman Catholic Church on the one side and Communism on the other. He saw the great similarity between Roman Catholicism and Russian Communism and pointed to the divergence between the Fascist claims to be defending European Christendom from barbarism and the methods they used to do so. As for Communism in Western Europe, he felt that it had degenerated into an instrument of Russian foreign policy. Socialism, "as a world-system and wholeheartedly applied," was therefore the only way out.

In his passionate concern for Socialism, Orwell grew rather unfair to some of the members of the Socialist movement whose "crankiness" he felt endangered its practical success. He wished the movement to be down to earth, and he compared its lack of headway with the astonishing contemporary growth of Fascism:—

> We have got to admit that if Fascism is everywhere advancing, this is largely the fault of Socialists themselves. Partly it is due to the mistaken Communist tactic of sabotaging democracy, i.e., sawing off the branch you are sitting on; but still more to the fact that Socialists have, so to speak, presented their case wrong side foremost. They have never made it sufficiently clear that the essential aims of Socialism are justice and liberty. With their eyes glued to economic facts, they have proceeded on the assumption that man has no soul, and explicitly or implicitly they have set up the goal of a materialistic Utopia. As a result Fascism has been able to play upon every instinct that revolts against hedonism and a cheap conception of "progress." It has been able to pose as the upholder of the European tradition, and to appeal to Christian belief, to patriotism and to the military virtues. It is far worse than useless to write Fascism off as "mass sadism," or some easy phrase of that kind. If you pretend that it is merely an aberration which will presently pass off of its own accord, you are dreaming a dream from which you will awake when somebody coshes you with a rubber truncheon. (*The Road to Wigan Pier*)

The Road to Wigan Pier, from which the last quotation was taken, appeared in 1937. By 1940, when *Inside the Whale* was published, Orwell's pessimism over Socialism had grown greater:—

> What is quite obviously happening, war or no war, is the break-up of laissez-faire capitalism and of the liberal-Christian culture. Until recently the full implications of this were not foreseen, because it was generally imagined that Socialism could preserve and even enlarge the atmosphere of liberalism. It is now beginning to be realized how false this idea was. Almost certainly we are moving into an age of totalitarian dictatorships —an age in which freedom of thought will be at first a deadly sin and later on a meaningless abstraction. The autonomous individual is going to be stamped out of existence....As for the writer, he is sitting on a melting iceberg, he is merely an anachronism, a hangover from the bourgeois age, as surely doomed as the hippopotamus....For *as a writer* he is a liberal and what is happening is the destruction of liberalism. (*Inside the Whale*)

The result was that Orwell's hope and idealism declined into the fearful vision of *1984,* a world without thought and without affection, a world

where it is impossible for a human being to exist and remain human. The most terrifying thing about the vision is that nearly all the special features of the totalitarian State described there have already existed, though not all together—as yet. Many of the features still exist over what must be a third or a half of the globe in the various totalitarian states, Roman Catholic, Fascist and Communist.

His words about Fascism, written before the last world war, are still applicable today. *If you believe that the totalitarian State is an aberration which will pass off of its own accord, then you are dreaming a dream from which you will awaken when somebody coshes you with a rubber truncheon —or proceeds to give you a course of brain-washing.*

The answer to totalitarianism is not necessarily war. In fact nothing is more likely to aid the development of totalitarianism than another world war. *The seeds of totalitarianism are in our own civilization in racial, political and religious intolerance and even in the desire to preserve a very high material standard of living when large sections of mankind are starving.* This is already partially realized; Orwell's work may help to bring it home to us.

What is, however, really missing from practical politics today is something which was found in the earlier Socialism as Orwell knew it, *i.e.*, the idea of the brotherhood and equality of men. These concepts have dropped out of the language of British Socialism, which has come to mean television sets and middle-class snobbery for the British worker, and let the rest of the world look after itself. The ideas of brotherhood and equality are ideas which, like any others, can be made absurd if they are taken unintelligently, but they are nevertheless ideas of deep truth and power, ideas capable of inspiring men in a way which no merely material concepts can. They started the French Revolution and the American War of Independence. They sleep at the back of our minds today and, just as the reduction of Socialism to a mere economic theory played into the hands of the Fascists, so does our negative attitude play into the hands of the Communists. We are permitting the Communists to pose throughout great parts of the world as the guardians of justice, equality and freedom. It is only when we cease to be negatively anti-Communist and have positive ideas to put in the place of its ideology that the whole world will become aware of the rubber truncheon behind Big Brother's back.

PETER MALEKIN

THE BIRTH OF THE HARMLESS MAN

TOLSTOY NOT LENIN

[**Mrs. Esme Wynne-Tyson's** essay presents a provocative theme; but who can fail to see that her logical deductions are true?—ED.]

IN an age when humanity is so constantly gasping at some new wonder of technological science—at television and radio that so unfortunately bring the world, already too much with us, into our homes, or at aircraft that silence the bird-song and fill the skies with their hideous din—it is surely time that its hypnotized gaze was diverted from gadget-worship and directed to the real wonder of this and all ages, the greatest miracle in the history of mankind.

The recent psychological and emotional upheaval aroused by a mechanical ball revolving in outer space revealed the wholly disproportionate importance that scientific invention has attained in our times, diverting attention from more important and vital matters. For those who marvel at and applaud this rather childish exhibition of celestial kite-flying remain, apparently, quite oblivious of the existence and implications of humanity's supreme achievement, which is the mental and spiritual evolution of primitive man to the stature of a Leonardo da Vinci, a St. Francis of Assissi or a Gandhi, whose historical existence they cannot deny, as they often attempt to do in the cases of some still greater products of evolution.

What is there in the physical world and in all the armoury of the scientists to account for the expansion of consciousness that has lifted man from the state of an animal to that of a Socrates or a Shankara? And this despite not only the apathy and inertia of the human mind, the devolutionary forces and all the arguments of materialism that would deny man's potentiality to evolve, but also in spite of the positive misguidance of the pastors who were supposed to have been helping humanity to attain a higher level of being by giving it a right sense of direction.

It is this achievement, the way man has progressed to the humaneness of a Pythagoras or a Bernard Shaw, despite the teachings of orthodox religion, that must seem to the student of the history of priestcraft the supreme miracle, inexplicable by any lesser premise than that of the existence of a magnetic, evolutionary power drawing consciousness upward towards higher views of wisdom, goodness and purity.

For throughout history, whatever lip-service the priests of the various faiths have given to the teachings of the sages, seers and prophets that

they were supposed to be preserving—and which constitute the only true guidance ever given to men—they have, in fact, in their rites and ceremonies, consistently perpetuated the false ideas that the great Masters came to eliminate.

Sir James Frazer comments upon this all too long ignored phenomenon in his *The Golden Bough* (Vol. 5), where he writes of the two great religious systems of Buddhism and Christianity:—

> Both systems were in their origin essentially ethical reforms born of... the tender compassion of their noble Founders, two of those beautiful spirits who appear...on earth like beings come from a better world to support and guide our weak and erring nature. Both preached moral virtue as the means of accomplishing what they regarded as the supreme object of life, the eternal salvation of the individual soul....

He then goes on to say that such teachings proved too exalted for the greater part of mankind and therefore they had to be modified:—

> This process of accommodation was carried out in after ages by followers who, made of less ethereal stuff than their masters, were for that reason the better fitted to mediate between them and the common herd.

In consequence of this "accommodation" the two religions "absorbed more and more of those baser elements which they had been instituted for the very purpose of suppressing." And the chief of these baser elements we find, as we trace the course of religious history, has always been violence toward and irreverence for life, animal and human.

Pythagoras taught the need for compassion and gratitude when dealing with the gentle, herbivorous animals who trust men and serve them so well. Isaiah depicted God as turning His face in horror from those with the blood of animal sacrifices on their hands. Mahavira, Gautama and Jesus were known as Lords of Compassion. Porphyry tells us that the highest grade of Persian Magians "neither kill nor eat any living thing." And yet throughout history, even to the present day, we find the priesthood of the great majority of religions teaching that the "redeeming blood" of some animal, human being, or even god, is necessary in order to save men from the consequences of their sins. This is in direct contradiction to the explicit teaching of the great Masters, that only by repenting of and forsaking sin can it be forgiven. As we read in his autobiography, it was Gandhiji's dislike of what he considered the immoral doctrine of vicarious atonement that prevented his acceptance of Christianity.

It is perhaps understandable that primitive, animal man, alarmed by the "signs from heaven" and the cruelties and cataclysms of nature,

should have endeavoured to appease an angry, violent God by means of sacrifice, even as they gave hostages and offerings to their human overlords and conquerors. But the habit of sacrifice, with the dangerous notions of appeasement and vicarious salvation that were based on it, continued, perpetuated and adapted by the priests, into high civilizations. Indian and Egyptian Priest-Kings themselves performed these ceremonies. Abraham brought with him out of Ur of the Chaldees, at a time when the scientific Chaldeans were already masters of astrology, the horrible habit of human sacrifice—the sacrifice of the chieftain's son—and his change of heart in this matter brought about by the natural upwelling of love for his son did not induce him to extend his mercy to the lesser creatures. The reverence in which Father Abraham was and is held by the Jewish race ensured that this unfortunate example was perpetuated. Jesus of Nazareth found the Temple—the House of what he taught was a God of Love—still running with the blood of sacrificial animals, despite the condemnation such practices had received from Isaiah a millennium previously.

So deeply rooted in the human consciousness, on account of its ecclesiastical training, is the belief in the efficacy of blood-sacrifice that Jesus's purging of the Temple is not interpreted as indicating his detestation of this cruel practice but has been actually quoted as authority for using violence when circumstances, such as war, demanded it. His resistance to cruelty has been cited as an excuse for cruelty.

Despite the wisdom of Pythagoras and his all too true prophecy of what would happen to humanity if it did not curb its irreverence for life, Greeks and Romans continued to sacrifice to their blood-thirsty gods in order to ensure victory in their slaughter of one another. The degenerated Eleusinian Mysteries perpetuated the bull-slaying in honour of Persephone; the priests of Cybele and Mithras joined forces in celebrating the obscenities of the Taurobolium, which linger on in the form of the bull-fights permitted in Spain by a Church whose main ritual includes the partaking of the claimed actual flesh and blood of a God-made-man.

Yet despite this persistent and deliberate fostering of blood-worship, there exists in the world a small and usually despised minority of humanitarians, vegetarians and pacifists who alone stand for the practical compassion that the Founders of the World-Faiths by word and example advocated. They have come to this position despite all that the materialists and religionists alike could do to prevent such evolution. And towering in their midst is the figure of Gandhiji, the evolutionary miracle of this age. Our scientific inventions seem childish and futile compared to his all-inclusive gospel of Non-Violence. Some of the temples of his native land

are still reeking with the blood of sacrificial victims. Prophet and priest — the former aspiring to the stars, the latter keeping humanity in constant view of the jungle—this dichotomy has fatally persisted despite the denunciation it received from Jesus when he said:—

> But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in. (*Matthew*, 23 : 13)

There would be no disagreement between Jesus and Gandhiji as to the nature of the Kingdom of Reality, so there need be none between the religionists of East and West if only they will turn from their orthodox theologians to the original teachings of the Founders of their Faiths and so ensure what Arnold Toynbee has said is the chief need of the age—a recovery of religion, a recovery of the basic truths of all the world-faiths.

When this recovery is made we shall find that the aim of the Christian is precisely that of the evolutionists of the East; St. Paul indicated this goal in the words:—

> Till we all attain. . . knowledge of God's Son, reaching maturity, reaching the full measure of development which belongs to the fulness of Christ—instead of remaining immature.[1]

This meant precisely what Gandhiji meant when he said:—

> In our present state we are, according to the Hindu doctrine, only partly human; the lower part of us is still animal. Only the conquest of our lower instincts by love can slay the animal in us.

Lacking their vision, the utilitarians see no purpose or realism in such a miracle. The self-perfecting advocated by Tolstoy, and to a great extent practised by Gandhiji, was despised and sneered at by Lenin who accused the Tolstoyans of being "worn out, hysterical, pitiable rags of Russian intellectuals who . . . cry: 'I am a sinner, a miserable sinner, but I am devoting myself to my moral perfection. I no longer eat meat and I feed on rice cutlets. . .'" and nominated Tolstoy "the fool in Christ" for advocating such things.

Yet who has been proved to be the realist?

If men, since Tolstoy's day, had devoted themselves to self-perfecting, and had succeeded in attaining the moral stature of Gandhiji, the world would already be free from battlefields and slaughter-houses. Aeroplanes, if they existed, would never carry bombs; television and radio sets would not, as they have so long been doing in America, pour out floods of sex and violence, poisoning the minds of the rising generation; atomic experiments would not be endangering the health and possibly even the con-

[1] *Epistle to the Ephesians*, 4 : 13 (Moffatt's translation).

tinued existence of humanity; millions of animals would not be massacred and tortured every year on the altars of the Great God Science; self-control, abstemiousness and brotherly love would have solved the urgent problems of over-population and famine. Truth and *ahimsa* would constitute a universal godhead for mankind; and out of that duality in unity would have been born the supreme miracle—the Harmless Man.

Instead of which, the unrealism of Lenin and other materialists has prevailed, perpetuating the myth that the world's problems can be solved by adjusting external conditions. What a delusion this is can be seen even in Britain's Welfare State, which has succeeded in producing from its benevolent materialism such moral monstrosities as Jimmy Porter, depicted in the much-discussed play, "Look Back in Anger." The egotistic, self-pitying anger of this insufferable young man and his kind may, however, prove to be a salutary sign, as it obviously springs from a sense of futility and frustration at being totally unable to solve the urgent problems of the times. And this may eventually lead to a consideration of the counsel of Tolstoy and Gandhiji, who both taught—and how completely right history is proving them to be!—that only by the miracle of individual evolution, a transcendence of the present spiritual, moral and ethical state of humanity, can these problems ever be solved.

ESME WYNNE-TYSON

IN THE last five centuries Europe has been the source of a stream of creative inventiveness and pioneering initiative, which have revolutionized human living on the planet. It is almost as if the life force of the human race had been poured through this small group of peoples, enabling them to act as a catalyst for man's integration into one united, interdependent and closely linked family of nations.

But Europe's task is, in a sense, incomplete until she can fully demonstrate the living reality of her highest values and more consciously transmit the best elements of her culture to those who can be helped by them. The ideas of Freedom, Justice, Equality, Brotherhood, and Social Welfare, to which she has given new emphasis and understanding,—these are but a few of the fruits that Europe has to offer.

—Editorial, *World Goodwill Bulletin*, April 1958.

SOLITUDE SPEAKS

[**Shri J. M. Ganguli** has shared with our readers many a fruitful insight gained from quiet introspection. The extrovert is abroad, but he could profitably take a leaf from Shri Ganguli's book and cultivate the habit of questioning things through. — ED.]

THE DAWN BREAKS; chirping sparrows wake me. The fresh morning breeze brings into the room a soft light from the far east. Night's gloom is receding and takes shelter outside the western wall.

I am easy, warm and comfortable in the bed. I turn over not to be disturbed by the intruding light. It is all calm and still in the room, and so is my mind—listless, effortless, peaceful and enjoyably vacant. The Yesterday has been buried somewhere, some time in the night when sleep visited my eyes, and Tomorrow also has faded away into a distant haziness.

I close my eyes again, relaxing my nerves and abandoning my mind to its lazy passiveness. There is no urge to rise.

But I am up in half an hour. I am moving, turning, rushing, attending to this, listening to that. "But why do you do all this?"—the question rises in a faint voice somewhere inside. The importance of one thing or the urgency of another, however, calls me away. The importance and urgency of things? Importance and urgency to whom? To me, who have no hand in their coming and going? I question, but do not answer, and all day I move and do what they call work till the night comes again to smooth away the roughness of the day.

Why did I ever stir out in the morning? Why did I rise from my good bed? That question again comes and this time it stands and demands an answer. The more I think of the day's activities, its interspersed joys and miseries, the monotony of its rolling hours, the dullness of so much work and so many time-checked inevitable functions, the more resolutely the question shouts itself: "Why indeed did I rise from bed in the morning?"

I ask that question in the night, but every morning I rise and do as before.

And then my feelings and sentiments. They always puzzle me. They come and go regardless of me. They lift me and drop me as they like. And yet shamelessly I follow and obey their urgings and biddings. Why?

When the flower blossoms I am full of joy; but the next day I weep to see it wither and fall. And so does life blossom and decay. Why? I must know why.

Why am I changing every minute, physically, mentally, in my thoughts, in my likes and dislikes, without my knowledge and without my control? Knowing so well the end of life's journey, why do I keep on moving steadily rather than turn and strike out a new path? And if I cannot leave this path which all have walked, if I cannot halt myself from the crash into an Unknown: well, how is it that I remain unmindful of it? Why does not the knowledge of it dash the smile from my lips, mirth from my play, purpose from my activities?

If life has a purpose, a mission, as they say, which we should remember and perform, why must over eighty per cent of its duration be necessarily spent in eating, drinking, sleeping and so on? If life has any object to fulfil there ought to be far fewer of such activities.

And how came I, and why, and whence? Who may I have been before, and who and where shall I be hereafter? Do I journey on from a depthless past to an endless future? Do I migrate from this planet to one of these sparkling stars which shine in the night?

At every step, at every bend, at every wink at a thing, there is a Why standing erect and staring at me. It blocks my entrance into the joys of life, the thrill of excitement and the sweetness of love and pleasure. I do not want to halt; I want to get there into the glitter of the world of shouting and fun, of music and song, of hope and colour. But I am stopped by the Why which chills me and drives away all inspiration.

Yet I must be just to the Why. It is not hard and unsympathetic. It does not mean to take away sweetness from joy, the blush from romance, ethereal serenity from happiness. It does not say, "Do not enjoy." It only warns me to judge well, to gauge the depth before I plunge, to see if I am not mistaking the unreal for the real. But I need an Answer, that my distraction and hesitation may go and that I may taste joy fully and lastingly.

Those there inside that brilliantly lit hall, who are so gay and jolly, must have found the Answer, and they will make me as light and gay as they are. I enter, but none stops to listen. They have their own tales to tell in which all loudly join and at every line of which they make jolly remarks and laugh. I dare not throw out an odd question into their atmosphere of gaiety. I chance to meet a friend, but he has no time. "It depends, you know, but we had better discuss it another time. I am afraid I have to go just now."

I shall go to the Scholar. He carries the learning and wisdom of all ages in his head.

He receives me and my questions with an abundance of confidence which impresses me. On both sides at his elbow are thick volumes from which he quotes and reads out to dispose of my doubts and questions as an exorcist recites *mantras* to turn away evil spirits. I am more than ever confounded by his learned references, in the flow of which I get no chance to put in a second question. I can see his eyes as little through his thick glasses as I can see him through his heavy cloak of learning, made of pieces and patches of sayings and aphorisms, passing thoughts and ideas of different people, the import and significance of which he has not thought over and understood. He does not seem to know the value of the words he plays with, just as a child playing with pieces of gold and glass and copper does not know that one is worth more than another. His scholarship has encrusted his own inner sensitiveness; the cold, dark print on the pages he has read and re-read has so jumbled and mixed and crossed on his mental plane that there is no clear space left there to receive the imprint of anything new.

Perhaps the Philosopher will sympathetically feel my agitated pulse and will take me into the wide domain of his thoughts to show me how to pick up answers from the field to fit my queries, which cannot be more than commonplace to him. I go from street to street till I come to his door where I knock. I am filled with an impatient expectancy as I hear steps advancing towards the door. The Philosopher is coming and he will lead me out of the wood to the land of light and sunshine. I visualize in my mind the person I am about to meet, a person who can detach himself from the physical and the external so as to see through them from outside and understand the mystery of his relation to, and interaction with, them.

The door opens and I see before me Self-Importance personified. He looks confident too, and that assures me of success in my mission. I scan his figure all over once, twice and thrice. I look at his long, sombre dress and mark his rhythmic intonation.

I am ushered in where I find, as I found in the Scholar's house, thick books on the desk, on the shelves and all around. I had thought that his eyes would be bent not so much on the black lines in books as on the sky and the encircling horizon. On his placid countenance I see no signs of that distraction by the humdrum trifles of daily life which intense curiosity to know the surrounding All causes. There is none of that deep and far-

focused vision, lifted from the carpet and away from the objects and people coming and going and talking all around which goes with a mind agitated by the inscrutability of the Unknown which it is irresistibly impelled to know. His mind seems to be pinned to his food, his dress, his lodging, his prestige and status, and desires and ambitions pertaining to them. The questions which torment me I have gathered outside, or rather, more truly, they seized me there. The philosophy enveloping them cannot be contained within the over-furnished study of the Philosopher, who has one eye on his clock and another on a page, and whose mind sways between his diverse private, social and public engagements on one hand, and, on the other, a judicious collection of scraps of writings to join into a pattern which might pass as a thesis in the academic market. But philosophy cannot thus be knitted into a design, cannot be fabricated. It is a thing of life; it is to be seen in one's living. For it is a thing not of the trained brain, but of the innermost experience and realization.

When I come out after apologizing for my intrusion upon his time I feel not so much disappointed as at a loss to whom to turn next. Educated high society has too many appointments, and has ever so many topics of urgency and importance that mere idle and abstract questions cannot come on its agenda. Scholars have quick and ready-made master-answers to all questions culled from one book or another, and those answers must be swallowed. The philosopher cites, quotes and submits with authority, and that must be bowed to with obedience and respect.

And what would the lonely Sage, the silent Hermit, say?

I find him inside a rock-cave by the side of a deep ravine. I bow to him and look up. He opens his eyes, smiles softly and sends my worries and questions back again down my throat by a wave of his hand, which then stretches out to the Yonder outside the cave, as if to say that what I seek is all there.

Out I go—out to the Vast, to the Wide, to the Extensive. And how strange! Here I am beginning to feel at home. Here I was, as I see now, and of this Vast I am a part, though small and tiny. Out of Here I came and was born, as they say, born into forgetfulness, born into blindness of Truth and Reality. And, so born, as I stood up and walked my head thought it was high enough to touch the sky, and could will and rule and know and dominate the All around. And in that way perhaps questions arose, doubts formed and mysteries darkened. When my will met resistance, I fretted; when my rule was overthrown, I raved and challenged; when

my knowing lost its thread, I questioned. My so-created troubles and questions I took to another tiny particle of the Massive Whole like me for a solution and explanation, instead of to the Whole itself to which they related. We sat two or three or more in a four-walled parlour, and talked, and discussed and argued, but we did not consider that the Whole and the Fundamental which we wanted to probe were no more than all our little bits, our little conscious selves in one all-joining Piece, the motion of which, the destiny of which, the ways or the will—if we love to call the ways the will—of which were what we take to be our own motives, our separate destinies, our individual wills. The current, the ripples, the tidal waves in the river are the ways of the river as a whole and not the playful fancy of a little water here and a little water there. All the water follows the law, the will, the destiny of the river.

When in the evening I return home loaded with fatigue and a tangled mass of hopes and disappointments I ask myself why I left my warm bed in the morning at all. That is like a little wave swelling up on the river and asking itself: "Why did I leave the calm surface of the water?" It is the great river and not the little patch of water in it which rises and forms waves.

I am confounded by my feelings and sentiments, but are they not the driving impulses of the Great and the Universal, of which I am an inseparable unit, and am I not depressed and elevated by them in the same way as the water is crested up and troughed down by the onrush of the mighty stream? Questions and answers which arise in me do not appear in the wide perspective of the Whole to vie with each other for prestige; they do not defy each other in the heat and vehemence of arguments; but they seem to be like an object and its shadow. When one stands, the other is its shadow; when one questions, the other answers.

Looking backward, I have questioned whence I came; looking forward, I have wondered where my steps tended. Such misgivings arose out of the mist which produced the narrow horizon which held my view when I stood erect only six feet high from the ground. But now, when I close my eyes and stretch out my mind on the expanse of the Wide and the Broad, those doubts and questions fall to the ground; for a comprehensive view and idea of the Whole dismiss the curiosity to know its beginning and its ending, both of which must be within it, since it could not be the Whole if they were without.

I have wept over the decay and fall of a flower. Then I had thought that the stem that held the flower was higher than the earth, and that the colour of the blossom was brighter than that of the withered flower. But I

grieve not to see a lofty wave falling into a depth below the surface, nor when its glittering crest darkens in the submarine shadow. Then my vision was held within the measure of the flower plant, and my mind was only contrasting up with down, right with left, and the brightening colour with the fading. Now that I see up and down, right and left, one colour and another—they are all but changing features of one activity, one manifestation of the Great Universal. Night follows the day, and the day follows the night; and so death follows life and life follows death. They all *are*, and none is to be rejoiced or grieved over.

Worrying, brooding and theorizing give place to quietness and to a feeling of calm gazing, when I sit out on the vast earth, under the vast sky, within the vast space. When I was going from one person to another and calling at their doors I felt lonely between whiles and I was miserable when no one spoke, no one answered me, no one felt the throbbings of my heart. But loneliness is out of place in the company of the Vast which does not leave me and which cannot leave, and which speaks in the language of the All-knowing and the All-revealing to settle my little doubts and questions.

Yes, solitude dispels loneliness; for here my Inner Being comes out and spreads itself before me, and shows how it reacts to the Outward, how it feels and how it agitates me, where its ache is and how its troubles and its doubts originate. Society, busy in its diverse preoccupations, ignores my Inner Being and will not speak to it. It repels the urgent questionings and chokes all the outlets with its intolerance and impatience. And so when the stony muteness of my surroundings oppresses me I seek the company of Solitude, in the wilderness, in the greenness of forests, in the barenness of rocks, behind the stupendousness of mountains and in the wiles of winding valleys. And Solitude always speaks, speaks to my heart and to my Inner Being.

J. M. GANGULI

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

"THE STRUGGLE FOR EMPIRE" *

THIS FORMIDABLE TOME maintains the reputation of the Vidya Bhavan's *History and Culture of the Indian People,* of which it is the fifth volume. Four more are yet to come. The work is a successful attempt to get the history of India written by her own sons, without the glamour of foreign scholarship and resources; a team of over sixty scholars of repute has been brought together under the direction of Dr. K. M. Munshi, and the result is a series of satisfying volumes of which the scholars and the country can be justly proud. The regularity with which the volumes come out every three or four years and the uniformity of style and standard are indicative of the internal strength and determination of the organization behind this remarkable venture of Indian scholarship.

The period covered in the present volume is about three centuries, *circa* 1000-1300 A.D., during which the various Mohammedan groups struggled to settle down in the country and prepared the ground for the Delhi Sultanate and the Mughal Empire, which form the subjects of the next two volumes. As Dr. R. C. Majumdar points out, the title "The Struggle for Empire" has been adopted to record the unsuccessful efforts to found an empire made by not only the Turkish invaders in North India but also the Chalukyas in the Deccan, the Cholas in South India, as well as the individual dynasties like the Solankis of Gujarat.

The period is one of the most brilliant in the history of India, when the Hindus were just coming out of the Puranic age and developing regional art, architecture, sculpture, painting, music, languages and literature. The regional outlook did result in petty local jealousies which frustrated attempts to secure a strong and collective opposition to the foreign Muslim raiders, who eventually settled in the country and developed a new culture and tradition. Northern and Western India suffered the shock in many ways: loss and destruction of property, forcible conversion, imprisonment of Brahmins, women and children. In the words of Will Durant, the Mohammedan conquest of India

> is probably the bloodiest story in history. It is a discouraging tale, for its evident moral is that civilization is a precarious thing, whose delicate complex of order and liberty, culture and peace may at any time be overthrown by barbarians invading from without or multiplying within.

Yet there was much resilience in the country. Dr. Munshi mentions, for instance, that

> within five years of the invasion in the course of which Mahmud destroyed the temple of Somnāth, Gujarāt, richer and more powerful than before, had not only rebuilt the temple on a more magnificent scale but created the artistic wonders of the Dilwārā temple.

Even though the commercial prosperity arising out of foreign contact and patronage of learning, arts and architecture was strengthened, the foreign element had lasting and far-reaching effects on the cultural life of the people. Women ceased to enjoy freedom of movement and were forced into early marriages and *purdah* to escape the

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* *The History and Culture of the Indian People.* Vol. V : The Struggle for Empire. Edited by R. C. MAJUMDAR. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. 940 pp ; 2 maps ; LXII plates. 1957. Rs. 35.00).

oppression of the foreign invasion; a woman whose husband was killed preferred becoming a *sati* to becoming a slave; the religious dogmas and practices laid down in Dharmashastras and Smritis had to undergo change, readjustment and reinterpretation,

> not only to restore continuity and stability to the social order, but to provide defensive ramparts in order to present a solid front to an aggressive alien culture and religion.

It is a significant fact that in return Hinduism and India have affected the culture of Islam in a manner unsurpassed in the world.

The regional treatment, which is a special feature of this work, secures greater harmony and continuity in understanding the various aspects of the history and culture of the Indian people. The historical representation of the latest research in each region and each group by a different scholar provides many advantages, while a watchful editorial organization has minimized the possibility of contradictions and overlapping statements. Dr. Ganguly's description of the evolution of the historical features in Bengal, Assam, Nepal, Bihar, Kanauj, Malwa, Gujarat, Mewar, Punjab and Kashmir offers to the reader a continuous and compact description while avoiding ineffective and inconsequential generalization. It also redounds to the credit of the editors that the dynastic narratives of the various regions and the exploits of the rulers and their administrators are kept within bounds. Out of the 880 pages of text only about 275 pages are devoted to the study of the dynastic changes in the various regions. It is also a sign of a deep and sound historical outlook that special chapters are devoted to the colonial and cultural expansion of Indian culture in the neighbouring countries of Kadaram, Kambuja, Java, Champa, Bali, Burma, Siam and Tibet, while it received a setback at home from foreign conquest.

The chapter on Art — architecture, sculpture and painting — written by different scholars and covering nearly two hundred pages, is a mine of information on the local and other variations of the fundamental Indian art evolving throughout the Indian continent; the well-selected photographs of the temple architecture and secular and religious sculpture, as well as the colour prints of paintings in various regions, give a sound idea of the performances and capacities of the people. The representative collection of photographs would in itself make the book a valuable addition to any library.

The chapter on economic conditions brings out some new discoveries pointing to unity in the midst of diversity. The inscription of 1204 A.D., relating to modern Belgaum, mentions a pious endowment by

> an assembly of itinerant traders and all the traders of Lata (Gujarat) and the Malayalam country and all the other traders of the locality headed by the gold-workers and others and the oil-merchants.

The laws relating to trades and guilds were codified in books like *Smṛti Chandrika*, and on its authority guilds provided regulations for overcoming misfortunes like draughts and the oppression of thieves and kings. The great trading corporations described in inscriptions found in Sumatra and Burma, *e.g.*, the Nānādeśa-Tiśaiyāyirattu Aiññūṟṟuvar, were proud of their high mythical ancestry, their long history, the vast scale of their commercial transactions and their daring and enterprising spirit.

The present volume brings out the cultural evolution of India in the fields of language and literature, religion and philosophy and administrative organization, and, above all, in countries outside India, during three centuries. It is this synthetic outlook that makes the book so readable and thought-provoking, and inspires confidence in the future of the new India that is dawning.

It is possible to point out a few misprints and mistakes, but on the whole

the volume, in spite of its high price, deserves to be in every library, private or public, and makes us look forward to the future volumes with great expectations.

P. G. SHAH

Religion, Philosophy and Science: An Introduction to Logical Positivism. By BURNHAM P. BECKWITH. (Philosophical Library, New York. 241 pp. 1957. $3.75)

The logical positivists believe, we are told (p. 1), that science contains all truth. This belief is sought to be justified in this popular exposition. At the same time, the author believes he has made certain significant contributions to the theory of logical positivism. Amongst these contributions (p. 10) are the doctrines (1) that a whole theory of semantics can be based on the principle of verifiability; and (2) that logical positivism is based on semantic rather than logical analysis. Besides, the author also seeks to bring about a partial synthesis of Comtean positivism with logical positivism.

As to the first, the account given of the principle of verifiability is left at an unsatisfactory stage, for the definition (p. 13) makes use of expressions "conceive of" and "understood," thus betraying its own circular character. An interesting attempt is made to show that the principle itself is verifiable. To verify the principle, all one needs to do

> is to make verifiable and unverifiable statements to a selected group of subjects, define the word, *mean,* to them as we have defined it, and ask them to explain what these statements mean to them. (p. 18)

Again, the circularity of the procedure is clear. I doubt if the results of the experiments would be in favour of the positivist!

As to the second, the author has let himself run into a muddle while seeking to distinguish semantic from logical analysis (pp. 11-12). "Analysis" in modern philosophy (Moore and Wittgenstein) means something quite different from what is criticized in this book. And the Moore-Wittgensteinian analysis is a better philosophical method than that pursued in this book.

The long chapters devoted to criticisms of religion and philosophy do not impress.

This book is introduced by the publishers as "the first book on logical positivism written for the layman." But the reviewer's impression, formed after a careful reading of it, is that the author does justice neither to logical positivism nor to the layman. The readers will miss here an adequate defence of the fundamentals. And the author has sought to play with the intelligence of the layman in making use of an arbitrarily and deliberately constructed semantic theory. But the layman is not so easily to be deluded; he knows that he *does* understand words and sentences which the author's semantic theory says he does not! A satisfactory theory of meaning should not start from a preconceived notion of what is meaningful and what is meaningless, but should seek to analyze and describe our actual understanding of expressions.

J. N. MOHANTY

The Singing Mountaineers: Songs and Tales of the Quechua People. Collected by JOSE MARIA ARGUEDAS. Edited and with an Introduction by RUTH STEPHAN. Drawing by DONALD WEISMANN. (Austin; University of Texas Press. Thomas Nelson and Sons, Edinburgh and London. viii + 203 pp. 1957. 18*s*.)

This is an interesting and valuable book, though in some ways a disappointing one. It brings together under the editorship and translatorship of Miss Ruth Stephan a good deal of diverse material, of varying quality, pertaining to the Quechua people of Peru, whose language is unwritten, and about whom, though their culture has remained largely unchanged since the time of the Incas, little is known outside their own region. Translations of Quechua songs and folk tales form the bulk of the book, but there are also translations of essays on these and other matters by one of their collectors, Professor José Maria Arguedas, and an Introduction, perhaps not as informative or as gracefully written as it might be, by Miss Stephan herself.

The book is of value as a sincere (if somewhat superficial) introduction to the culture of a fascinating and unknown people; but it disappoints because it has evidently been unclear to the editor whether she was presenting a serious anthropological study, a literary anthology, or the kind of travel book her rather too pretty title suggests. There is ample evidence here that the Quechua culture deserves much more scholarly, and much less tentative, treatment; and Miss Stephan's notes are not always helpful, though her bibliography certainly offers opportunities to anyone who wishes to enquire further.

In the case of the Quechua songs, and apart from the fact that this English version of an unwritten language comes to us *via* the Spanish and so suffers doubly from the difficulties which attend on the translation of poetry, it is hard to tell what their original quality must be, though there are lines here and there which indicate that it is sometimes high. The folk tales which were collected by Father Jorge A. Lira and put into Spanish by him, and which have suffered much less than the songs on their way into English, are without doubt of extraordinary beauty and significance. Few folk tales from any part of the world can be more nearly perfect than, for instance, "The Little Bull with the Shiny Skin"; and this book is worth obtaining (it is incidentally handsomely produced) for this story alone, one which makes its appeal to the senses, the emotions and the intellect, or in other words to the whole man, as only the conscious art enshrined in the ancient myth can do.

Some of the tales evidently bear uneasily the Catholic influences which, for centuries now, have been imposed upon them and the people who still tell them. Not precisely because these influences are Catholic, but because they are Western, institutional, dogmatic, and therefore incongruous to the original culture. Besides, the tales themselves are profoundly religious in a sense in which conventional Christianity has long ceased to be. They express the relation of the higher to the lower rather than that of "the good" to "the bad"; and thus understand that religion is a matter of values, not of morals. Many more of these tales have been collected by Father Lira than are here printed; it seems a pity that the editor did not make it her business to give more room to them and less to material so much less revealing of these strange and endearing people.

R. H. WARD

Interpreter of Buddhism to the West: Sir Edwin Arnold. By BROOKS WRIGHT. (Bookman Associates, Inc., New York. 187 pp. 1957. $4.00)

Having enjoyed a great reputation in his own day, almost a global reputation, Sir Edwin Arnold has since retreated, if not into oblivion, at least towards obscurity. Tennyson's stock itself has fallen somewhat, and it is not surprising therefore that Sir Edwin's too has suffered a similar or worse fate; it is lucky he has fared much better than Martin Tupper.

Arnold's association with Deccan College, Poona, was the auspicious beginning of a career so rich in variegated achievement. He had a remarkable facility with languages; he had a ready imaginative sympathy with religions and ways of life other than his own; he was indefatigably industrious; and, like a typical Victorian, he believed in the importance of being earnest. He had talents as a translator out of the ordinary, as may be seen from his English versions of *Gita Govinda, Hitopadesha,* the *Bhagavad Gita,* the concluding books of the *Mahabharata,* as also of Musaeus's *Hero and Leander.* His *Light of Asia* (1879), however, was an original poem in its own right, although largely based on Buddhist sources; a vivid account of the life and teachings of Gautama Buddha, it has survived detractors and imitators of all kinds. Years later, Arnold tried to tell the story of Jesus Christ also in verse, but *The Light of the World* has not perhaps worn as well as the earlier poem. Arnold's intentions were clear enough: Christ was to be presented as the fulfilment of the great promise that the Buddha had been. Arnold's was an inclusive rather than a narrowly exclusive vision; Buddhism, Christianity, Victorian Science; East, West; the past, the present — all met in him, and he wished to piece them together. He married thrice, and his third wife was a Japanese lady. He carried the mission of cultural synthesis in his life and his work as far as it could go. No wonder he generated life-loyalties wherever he went.

Mr. Brooks Wright's biographical and critical study is a careful and conscientious piece of work, and he has performed a service of considerable value. It is an important contribution to East-West understanding.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

Eighteen Fifty-Seven. By SURENDRA NATH SEN. Foreword by ABUL KALAM AZAD. (The Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Government of India. xxv + 466 pp. 1957. Library Edition, Rs. 7.50; Popular Edition, Rs. 5.50)

The great Mutiny of 1857 was attended with violence and turpitude on both sides, but, the British having won, history came to be written with a British bias heightening the crimes and misdemeanours of the rebels. No doubt, the scales would have been set the other way, had the rebels succeeded. A hundred years after the event, bitterness and passion on both sides having subsided, it is possible to take a detached view of the happenings of that date. Shri Surendra Nath Sen, commissioned by the Government of India to bring out a book on this subject to mark the Centenary of 1857, has attempted the task with distinct success.

The book is planned in eleven chapters and contains illustrations, maps, Appendices reproducing contemporary documents and letters, a sixteen-page bibliography of printed records, general works, pamphlets and journals, a fairly full glossary and an exhaustive index. The Mutiny threw up heroes like Nana Saheb and Kunwar Singh, martyrs like Tatya Tope and Rani Lakshmi Bai of

Jhansi, patriots like Beni Madho and Devi Baksh, scoundrels, felons and renegades like Man Singh and Ilahi Baksh. In the concluding chapter the author shows that the Mutiny was not pre-concerted; that Hindus and Muslims made common cause; that it began with the Sepoys but, as it progressed, drew to it considerable elements of the civil population; that many of the old aristocracy and the English-educated class ranged themselves on the side of law and order; and finally that the Mutiny cannot be regarded as a national revolt though there were patriots in the ranks. These conclusions are supported with a wealth of reference and documentation.

The Foreword by the late Maulana Abul Kalam Azad considers why there was a hundred years' delay in the occurrence of the Mutiny and draws attention to the sense of unity among the Hindus and Muslims of India during the period and the deep loyalty which the people felt for the Moghul crown.

The book eminently suits the general reader as well as the special student of this exciting chapter of Indian history.

A. V. SASTRI

The Meeting of Love and Knowledge. By MARTIN C. D'ARCY. (World Perspectives, George Allen and Unwin, London. vii + 167 pp. 1958. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

Father D'Arcy is one of the most able exponents of Roman Catholicism in this country and what he has to tell us about the relationship of Christianity to the other great World Faiths is therefore of considerable importance. In this book he starts off by examining what Leibnitz and Aldous Huxley have called the "Perennial Philosophy," that is to say the common denominator which is to be found in all religious beliefs.

The great mystics of all races, and many who are not mystics, have discovered the same basic fundamental religious truths lying beneath the many variations in the doctrines, practices, symbols and myths of the great world religions. But all that Father D'Arcy finds lying there in the depths of these Faiths is a certain modicum of common wisdom. His failure to discover any Perennial Philosophy in them is easily explained: How would it be possible for any writer who begins a review of the great World Faiths, as Father D'Arcy begins his, *i.e.*, by placing them under the two headings of "Christianity" and "Pagan Religions," to arrive at any conclusion other than that at which Father D'Arcy has arrived? Surely the word "pagan" is singularly ill-chosen. According to the dictionary it means "heathen and idolatrous" and I take it that idolatrous is another name for the worship of idols. Yet the Moslem is forbidden to make a graven image of Allah or Mohammed, let alone to worship it, whereas Christian Churches are full of images and rightly so. Which, therefore, is the most idolatrous of these two world faiths? In the opinion of the reviewer "pagan" is a word of disparagement and surely it is desirable that we should show respect to each others' faiths, even though we cannot subscribe to their views.

According to the publishers' blurb the author recognizes the need for a greater unity of understanding amongst all faiths, but after reading *The Meeting of Love and Knowledge* I do not find any indication of this recognition. Father D'Arcy's book would seem to justify rather than to regret the lack of tolerance and sympathy which unfortunately exists between the great World Faiths. Nor does it seem that the author has any real understanding of the Vedanta or of the Buddhist teachings which he is discussing in his book. All that I find it possible to say in praise of the book is that it is a masterly and clearly written exposition of the attitude of the Catholic theologian to all faiths other than his own.

KENNETH WALKER

My Portrait Gallery. By K. ISWARA DUTT. (Triveni Publishers, Masulipatam. 170 pp. 1957. Rs. 5.00)

A galaxy of the shining talents in modern India is on view in this portrait gallery. From Mahatma Gandhi to Sardar K. M. Panikkar, all — saints and statesmen, educationists and editors, philosophers and politicians — have been portrayed with deep sympathy and in a delightful style. These character sketches, over twenty in number, in their incisive analysis and impressionistic profiles, not seldom remind the reader of A. G. Gardiner, that prince of pen-portrait-makers in England of the last generation.

The portraits in *My Portrait Gallery*, however, could have been edited and arranged a little better to heighten their effect on the onlooker. As it is they give one the impression of having been huddled together rather in a hurry.

G. M.

Autobiography of a Saint, Thérèse of Lisieux. The complete and authorized text of "*L'Histoire d'une Âme*" newly translated by RONALD KNOX. Foreword by VERNON JOHNSON. Introduction by FR. FRANCOIS DE SAINTE MARIE. (The Harvill Press, London. 320 pp. Illustrated. 1958. 21*s*.)

The story of Thérèse Martin has often been told. The eighth child of a devout Catholic family of Lisieux, she entered a Carmelite convent and took the veil in 1890 at the age of seventeen. Before her early death in 1897 she wrote, under orders, her autobiography. When published, in 1898, as *The Story of a Soul* it made a great appeal not merely as depicting a singularly gracious personality but as showing that the life of religious perfection could be attained not only through great acts of self-mortification but by continual self-denial in the smaller matters of daily life. On the basis of this evidence and that of the apparent fulfilment of her promise: "After my death I shall make roses rain," she was canonized as St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus in 1925.

There are two reasons which distinguish this particular edition of a much published book. The first is the accurate and sensitive translation by Monsignor Ronald Knox — his last earthly work. The second is even more important. Former editions have been based on a radical revision of what Thérèse wrote. At the time there were several reasons to justify this. To meet the increasing demand for the exact reproduction of the original, however, the authorities of the Roman Church recently authorized the restoration of Thérèse's manuscript and the publication of an edition based on this. "It was the real Teresa," writes Lancelot Sheppard in the *Tablet*,

> not the personality presented to the world in the amended autobiography . . . who was declared a saint, and it is right that we should know her as she was revealed in her writings.

The task of restoration has been done with the help of the resources of modern science and the book now appears as the definitive edition authorized by the Carmel of Lisieux.

MARCUS WARD

The Living Talmud: The Wisdom of the Fathers and Its Classical Commentaries. Selected and translated with an Essay by JUDAH GOLDIN. (A Mentor Religious Classic. The New American Library, New York. 247 pp. 1958. 50 cents)

The Talmud has often been called an "ocean." It embodies the collective Jewish thought from the second cen-

tury B.C. up to about 500 of the Common Era. To Jews everywhere this vast anthology of law and lore, custom and ritual, philosophy and ethics, ranks as second in importance only to the Bible.

The two component parts of the Talmud are the *Mishna* (six "orders" of classified law edited around 200 C.E. and the *Gemara* (a detailed discussion and elaboration on most of the *Mishna*) Few non-Jews have ever understood it, though a series of Popes and potentates have banned and burned it. It is a tribute to this work that, in spite of bigotry and suppression, it has remained the Living Talmud.

This volume is a welcome addition to the growing list of "Talmudica" in English. Dr. Goldin wisely concentrates on the *Pirke Avot* (literally, "Chapters of the Fathers") from the *Mishna*, since this collection of aphorisms shows the ethical motivation and idealism of the makers of the Talmud. In addition to a lucid introductory essay on the Talmud in general, he also provides us with a selection of insights by outstanding later Jewish commentators. Thus one meets not only the Rabbis of the Talmud, but also the homiletical ethics of Rabbi Nathan, the philosopher Maimonides, the analytical Obadia Bertinoro and other fine minds. Indeed at times the profusion of commentaries tends to distract attention from the main text.

The student of Sanskrit will note that the comments are mostly along the lines of *vṛtti* (simplified explanation); the *bhāshya* type of commentary is absent owing to unanimity of acceptance.

The aphorisms are universal and timeless. "Rabban Simeon ben Gamaliel says: 'By three things is the world sustained: by justice, by truth and by peace...'" (p. 75). They reflect courtesy and wit, as in the saying of Rabbi Mattiah ben Heresh: "On meeting any man be the first to extend greetings; and be a tail to lions rather than a head to jackals" (p. 173). Truly the *Wisdom* of the Fathers!

> Ben Zoma says: "Who is a wise man? He that learns from all men.... Who is a mighty man? He that subdues his evil impulse.... Who is a rich man? He that is content with his portion.... Who is an honourable man? He that honours mankind!"

Seekers after wisdom will find much food for thought in this little book. Both editor and publisher are to be congratulated for enabling so many to take a dip in the ocean of the Talmud.

HUGO GRYN

Sadhusamagama (xix + 76 pp. 1956); *Jeevan Veda* (xxv + 190 + xii pp. Second ed., 1955); *Brahmagitopanishad* (ix + 253 pp. 1955). By KESHUB CHUNDER SEN. Translated by JAMINI KANTA KOAR. (Navavidhan Publication Committee, Calcutta. Rs. 3.00 each)

In 1880 the well-known religious leader, Keshub Chunder Sen, delivered a series of discourses in Bengali on "The Pilgrimage to Prophets" (Moses, Christ, Mohammad, Sakya, Socrates, Chaitanya, the *Rishis*, the scientists and men of genius). He said:—

> *I will have all these (prophets and saints) for my guidance, and no single* modern preacher or *guru* shall I accept as my guide. Priestcraft I hate, mediators and intercessors I will not have.

Shri Jamini Kanta Koar has translated these discourses into English for the first time. Hence, the volume is a valuable contribution to the unitarian religious literature of the nineteenth century in India. The English version is welcome indeed today, as it will strengthen the forces which tend to the ideal of a Fellowship of Faiths and Philosophies. Some of the beatitudes of *Sadhusamagama* are:—

> Blessed are they who love to associate with

the prophets of all religions, and seek to gather at the feet of each the peculiar ideas he has to teach.

Blessed are they who instead of seeing God through prophets, behold prophets and saints through the Lord as their Mediator.

This book, along with its predecessors *Jeevan Veda* (Keshub Chunder Sen's spiritual autobiography) and *Brahmagitopanishad* (his discourses on *Yoga* and *Bhakti*), also translated into English by Shri Koar, will be, it is hoped, greatly appreciated by all those who desire to see a spirit of synthesis more and more at work in the field of religion.

"A STUDENT OF RELIGIONS"

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

["INSTITUTIONS are promises never kept," says **Shri Baldoon Dhingra,** reflecting on the incredulity of Indians and others in a Parisian audience towards the idea of a change from within the individual which is embodied in the *Bhoodan* movement. Shri Dhingra suggests that institutions are not enough without inwardly evolved men and women.—ED.]

WE WERE HAPPY to welcome Shri Jai Prakash Narayan when he visited Paris a few days ago. The well-known sociologist Professor Dumont invited him to talk to his students at the École des Hautes Études. Later an international gathering composed mostly of students of the Cité Universitaire listened to him with rapt attention. On both occasions Jai Prakashji talked about *Sarvodaya,* explaining its significance in Gandhian and Vinoba's terms. The whole concepts of *Bhoodan* and *Gramdan* were very strange to everyone and seemed like a story out of a fairy book which was pleasant to listen to but, as they felt, impracticable. The most incredulous among the audience were the Indians, who found they could not for the life of them see how people's hearts could be transformed. After all, they said, these so-called transformations of hearts, this resolution to love, possesses only an ephemeral character. People could not accept this idea of "giving" except for a day. And then, they said, how many hearts could be transformed in such a way? What indeed was Vinoba trying to do? How could he solve the problem? It was a foolish dream even though it was a pleasant one. And here was Jai Prakashji, saying to them quietly, simply and with deep feeling that the great mass movement must awaken man to his responsibilities towards his fellow men the world over. The happiness of man lies in his harmonious relationship with other people.

The reason why Indian students and others, mostly scientists, anthropologists and mathematicians, found the whole idea to be Utopian was that they have come to have faith only in reason-made institutions. Most modern institutions are the creation of ideas. Rather they are residues of ideas, in so far as ideas, when materialized, never quite fulfil their nature in thought. Institutions are promises never kept. Hence creators of institutions are ever in search of other ideas which promise to succeed where their predecessors have failed. Influenced by Western concepts many people still believe, as they have believed for over two thousand years, that you can create a perfect form of society and state based on ideas; whereas Shri Jai Prakash Narayan was trying to point out that it is vain to expect improvement through institutions since man himself is the

sole worthy object of reform.

The wisdom of this philosophy requires no proof. All Chinese ethics and political philosophies insist that until rulers personify the virtues becoming their rank and task, there is no chance of having good government or public welfare. Unless people see the good represented in action they cannot be expected to obey the law and lead a moral life. Today we live in a world dominated by institutions and organizations. This distracts us from man himself, and degrades us to the state of unfree and irresponsible beings. What happens is that institutions keep on changing and growing while man remains the same. If the attitude Jai Prakashji talked about is unrealistic, then the method of changing one institution after another — for it is easier to change institutions than man — is certainly a means of avoiding the real issue.

Jai Prakashji will be returning to Paris at the end of July, when he has promised to hold a Seminar to satisfy anthropologists who wish to study the methods he advocates. This will enable students to produce a paper on the techniques of *Sarvodaya*. It will provide some material for research workers to prepare yet another dissertation on backward people still living in rural conditions. The easiest way to kill an idea and to bury it is to reduce it to a document. When someone asked Jai Prakashji whether he would take part in the Government, I was reminded of a similar remark once made to Confucius. The Master replied, "What does the book of history say about filial piety? Do your duty as a son and as a brother, and those qualities will make themselves felt in the Government." Holding office need not be considered essential.

BALDOON DHINGRA

NOW!

This moment is yours,
A jewel from time's casket,
Observe all its facets,
Its iridescent hues,
Its splendour superb;
Oh, accept it, this glittering gift!
Extract the quintessence
Of its dissolving beauty;
Use the Midas touch,
And you will gain more than gold
Without its curse...
This moment is yours,
A jewel from time's casket,
Despise not the precious gift.

HERBERT BLUEN

CORRESPONDENCE

ON PHILOSOPHICAL ANARCHISM

[In the following two contributions an old idea finds re-expression.

In the first **Shri N. V. Eswar** criticizes, and very rightly, the prevailing tendency of lowering the status of the individual; it is true that the tendency of modern governments is to make of the citizen a robot. Shri Eswar's letter takes our mind to the Philosophy of Anarchism and to some words of the famous Anarchist, Proudhon—"Government of man by man in every form is oppression. The highest prefection of society is found in the union of order and anarchy." From Zeno to Tolstoy and Kropotkin the grand concept of the Free Man has been discussed. The emergence of the Free Man, the Master-Anarchist, points to the only right process to bring about the harmonious relationship between myriads of men and the One Humanity.

The second letter offers some thoughts which balance the forthright extremism expressed in the first. Rightly does it refer to the Theosophical idea of Universal Brotherhood whose enemies are partial brotherhoods — national, racial, religious. What contribution has Theosophy to make towards the understanding of the Philosophy of Anarchism? — Ed.]

I.—"UNITE AND PERISH!"

I came across a poster on a street wall, which carried the slogan: "Unite or Perish!"

It is rather intriguing that those who could get along all these centuries as pure individuals cannot get along any more on that basis.

The individual of the past decades not only desired and relished his own company but also lived in perfect peace with himself and everybody else around him. There was about him a certain air of contentment and gratitude for what little he got. He made do with the little, converted it into plenty and, out of love, gave portions of it to others. His progress on the pathway of life was, consequently, much simpler. He did not stand on anyone's toes. No one else was a disturbance to him either. Though the journey at times seemed long, it was pleasant, and the path was strewn with the thought: "Everything is as it should be," and, just in case something appeared a little out of shape at the moment: "Everything will turn out all right." And everything did. With mutual respect towards and confidence in one another, individuals did not perish, but actually flourished. As a matter of fact, the individual has been responsible for the edifice which stands erect today. He was full of a zest for life.

What was the reason for his boundless enthusiasm? It was the conscious adoption of a positive attitude towards life with the firm conviction that life was good in itself.

What has happened meanwhile to upset the apple cart? The gregarious animal instinct of man has probably got the better of him. Lack of confidence and pride in one's own talents has created the feeling that the individual can cover up his weakness and get by, secure in the weight of numbers. This unity is then the unity of weaklings who cannot live by themselves. Of what use are they, either to themselves or to others around them?

All unities reduce themselves to unity in hate. Witness the banding together of nations. They are unities all right. But at what price? The price of world peace. Each is a permanent invitation to the other unity to arm itself to the teeth. Call it the Cold

War; call it armed defence; it amounts to this: nothing constructive ever gets done. It undermines the very basis of life.

Similar is the case with what we are considering at the moment. It is this so-called unity that has eaten into the foundations and threatens now to send the edifice hurtling down into the widening chasm. Unite to Perish!

"An enemy of an enemy is a possible friend" seems to be the notion behind this call for unity. This enmity against a particular individual or body is what binds individuals, who lose their individuality to become a single menacing body. There is no intelligent individual friendship behind this apparent cohesion. With individuality lost, there is nothing else left but an overgrown empty shell, a shell that can easily be pricked and toppled over, since it is motivated only by its own enmity, enmeshed in a number of similar enmities, and not by any individual strength of its own.

A mere collection of individuals, without their souls and afraid to trudge the path of life on their own, are not, in essence, a menace and a challenge to any real or imaginary enemy as is generally thought. They are only a menace to themselves. They become a Unity to Perish. Why not turn the slogan round and make it say: "Unite and Perish!"? That should be quite appropriate.

It overwhelms one to think that individuals could lead a blissful existence on a fourth of what is available now. They never thought of perishing. The prevalent idea was: Perish such a thought! Let us go back to the days of pure Individualism. Life resides in the Individual. It is only by the efforts of individuals that the world has progressed so far, and will progress again in the future. There is no doubt about this. The world will certainly be lost if Individualism dies. Let us not kill it by this Unity. Instead, let us raise the slogan, "Disunite and Live!"

N. V. Eswar

II.—UNITY ALREADY EXISTS

Shri Eswar raises an important point beneath his almost bantering tone. His picture of a happy past may not be quite sound history: it remains a desirable future. Yet something must be said on the other side of the question of unity.

Can there be a condition in which men literally disunite and live?

No such is known to have existed; and thinkers trying to imagine a "state of Nature" without society have felt it would be "nasty, brutish and short." Isolation would not be pure individualism; for it is the nature of the individual himself to need fellowship. And more than need — to find in it a fulfilment beyond any that is possible in winning his own satisfactions. To unite with one's fellows is to be truly individual; to give up one's life is indeed to live.

And somewhere between the simple need and the perfect fulfilment lie wisely contrived social bonds. If a man is to live together with his fellows, he must incur obligations of honour to maintain the conditions on which the fellowship rests. Beyond what each can do for himself much may be done for all by united effort; and to share in the fruits of collective action is no shame to individual self-reliance and dignity, provided a share is sincerely accepted in the *responsibility* for collective action and its results.

Indeed, this pattern of relations extends beyond human fellowships. All the beings in the universe are irrevocably united in their own nature. As the Theosophists say, "Universal Brotherhood is a fact in Nature." If we strain to disunite and live, we shall shatter ourselves from within as well as upset the ordered movements of existence. Unity, in fact, is not to be manufactured but realized in Nature and Man.

Here we come upon the track of why so many things done in the name of unity seem to strangle and crush the finer flowers of human evolution, till many sensitive people cry out, "Disunite or Perish!" Shri Eswar says finely, "There is no intelligent individual friendship behind this apparent cohesion." Realization of universal unity comes precisely from the free, intelligent friendship of individuals, progressively broadened till it includes all the beings in the universe. In a unity imposed from outside, the individual becomes less than he might be separately — and so the substance of unity is lost and the realization of fellowship wanes. Even a kind master of many slaves does not form a band of brothers. Still worse becomes the evil of an imposed unity when it is a means of war with other partial unities.

It is the imposed and partial unities from which the Idea of Fellowship must be rescued, and the individual set free that he may unite. Behind the unity of laws must stand the Unity of Love.

G. R. C.

A thoughtful open letter from the Swedish diplomat and writer, Baron Erik Palmstierna, a Vice-President of the World Congress of Faiths, appears in its June *Forum* under the heading "Individual Advance Hindered by 'Official' Religion." He believes that questions of the meaning and purpose of life sooner or later arise spontaneously in almost all and such moments might become turning points in life and lead to a search for the eternal pattern. Too often, however, emphasis on the maintenance of "a firmly built faith that represented the one sacrosanct means of salvation" has led to "the tender, delicately growing individual religious plant becoming a conventional form and religiosity." Baron Palmstierna holds, rightly we think, that

> what is needed is not intellectual, theoretical knowledge but some contact with flickers of experience from the Great Living Secret behind appearances. Here we move on the ground that is common for all true religions. It is deeply embedded within the soul. All historically developed faiths in their various aspects and features had . . . their fountain in this inner field.

That field is open still to every earnest, reverent seeker of the Reality within. Creeds and rituals divide; the spiritual quest unites all seekers after Truth.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

The Supreme Court at Washington decided on June 16th that a passport could not be denied on the basis of an applicant's belief or associations. Mr. Weldon Bruce Dayton, a cosmic ray physicist, who has fought a four-year legal battle to this successful conclusion, has received his passport for which he had applied to come to India to accept a position at the Tata Institute of Fundamental Research, Bombay. It appears from the statement in *The Hindu* of June 26th that the State Department had withheld Mr. Dayton's passport on suspicion of his political affiliations, though he denied having ever belonged to the Communist Party. It will give satisfaction to many solicitous for the pioneer American Republic's faithfulness to democratic principles and practices if, as State Department officials appear to understand, the Supreme Court Decision means that a passport can no longer be denied on political grounds to Mr. Paul Robeson, the great Negro American singer.

India, whose own Constitution vests in its Supreme Court the final decision, on appeal from a High Court, on a substantial question of law as to the interpretation of the Constitution and the Fundamental Rights which it guarantees, must particularly rejoice that the Supreme Court of another great democracy has again vindicated its trust as the defender of the rights of its citizens from encroachments even from the powerful Executive Branch of that country's Government. This is a lesson for many in India. Such a decision could never have been given in a totalitarian State.

A United Nations team which has been studying the phenomenal growth of cities in Asia has come to the conclusion that it is proportionally more rapid than the growth of New York, London and other urban centres of the Western world, according to a Special Correspondent's report from New York in *The Hindustan Times* (New Delhi). While the upsurge of Asian urbanization at such a fast pace threatens to develop the world's biggest slums and worst social and economic problems, it also holds the possibility of a more orderly development than that of the metropolitan centres of the West. This view is held by Mr. Ernest Weismann, Assistant Director of the United Nations Bureau of Social Affairs in charge of housing, building and planning. According to the report,

> Mr. Weismann says it all depends on how the problems are handled on local and national levels. Fifteen per cent of the world's population lives in urban areas of 100,000 or more inhabitants, or in the principal cities of countries where cities of this size do not exist.

More than a third of the cities with a population of 100,000 or more are said to be in Asia, though their inhabitants represent only eight per cent of Asia's population, which is predominantly rural. But the warning is given that "the rate of growth of Asian cities is reported to be so fast that unless some quick planning is done, they could turn out to be giant slums and sources of much human unhappiness."

The statistics furnished reveal that, though the largest city in the world is New York, the two next largest metropolitan areas are in Asia, namely, Tokyo and Shanghai. Calcutta and

Bombay rank eighth and tenth among the world's largest cities.

Demographers and other social-planning experts are reported to be worried because not enough attention is being paid in Asia to town planning. United Nations experts point out that,

so long as the problem is not tackled fully, the country may face the prospect of population growth outstripping social amenities, with consequential decline of health and sanitation standards — a trend already noticeable in many Indian towns of more than 100,000 population.

The causes leading to the drift of rural people to the urban centres are clearly outlined by Mr. Weismann:—

As the developing countries in the predominantly rural subsistence economies grow more firmly into the orbit of the expanding market, the social and environmental conditions deteriorate and the rural incomes become smaller in comparison with those of the urban area. The pressure on arable land, the hope of better life, the prestige and lure of the big city and the promise of securer industrial employment keep mass migration moving to old and new centres.

A similar conclusion has been reached by a team of experts in India, working at the instance of the Committee on Five-Year Plan Projects. It points out, as one of the basic causes of the development of slums in cities, the phenomenal increase in their population due to the influx of people from rural areas in search of employment and the better civic amenities available there. It cites in its report the city of Bombay, observing, according to a report in *The Hindu* (Madras) that

there has been a 150 per cent increase in population during the last quarter of a century while the increase in dwellings, during this period, has only been 35 per cent. It was estimated in 1951 that a population of about 50,595 was living at the rate of twenty or more persons in each dwelling or room. The present accommodation in Bombay is considered to be sufficient to take in about 15 lakhs of people out of the present total of about 33 lakhs. If the rest of the city's population is to be adequately housed it would involve construction of at least 2½ lakhs of tenements, involving an expenditure of about Rs. 150 crores.

Bombay is not the only city where expenditure on this scale is needed; the team concludes that one of the measures for slum prevention is the dispersal of population by the removal of industries from overcrowded cities:—

The need for dispersal both of industries and population from the more congested centres has been recognized since long. It has been accepted as a basic assumption in the development of plans prepared under the 1947 Town and Country Planning Act of England. Dispersal of industries has been talked about in our country for a long time; but no concrete steps appear to have been taken to implement it. On the contrary, there is a tendency to permit the establishment of new industries in the already overcrowded and congested parts of cities even without any regard as to whether adequate provision exists there for water supply, electricity, drainage and other facilities. Such a situation can be remedied if no licences are granted by the Central Government to any of the proposed industries unless a "no objection" certificate is produced from the local body. The local body while giving such a certificate will, no doubt, take into consideration the availability of essential facilities.

How truly applicable are these words to Bangalore, fast becoming ugly and offering increasingly difficult living conditions!

We must not expect that the tempo of influx from the villages to the towns will slow down of itself in the near future. Nor is there any early prospect of new housing schemes in towns, adequate to meet the ever-increasing demand for accommodation. To limit employment expansion in the congested areas it might appear advisable to fix an optimum limit to the population of a city from the point of view of administrative efficiency and economical planning of the utility services. But, while this may sound feasible, such a

step is difficult to take in a democracy. Instead of trying to impose artificial restrictions on the movement of population, would it not be more practical to deal with the economic responsibility for the influx from the villages to the towns? If opportunities for employment are not confined to the towns and if the villages offer at least some of the amenities usually available in the towns, surely the rural people will not readily leave their ancestral homes. Although our towns are not very attractive, if people still continue to flock there and undergo all the privations of congested slums, it is because the villages are considered much worse; improvement of the villages, therefore, is a promising way to prevent increased urban congestion.

Striking similarities between the thought and the gods of Northern Europe, Greece and Rome in pre-Christian times and those of ancient India were pointed out on June 14th by Professor J. B. S. Haldane in his lecture at the Indian Institute of World Culture, Bangalore, on the "Pre-Christian Religions and Literatures of Europe." While not neglecting Druidism and the religion of the Scandinavian countries, he dealt chiefly with the Greek and Latin literatures, which continued to be studied in Britain 1,500 years after the Roman conquerors' departure. This was a precedent which might reassure Indians anxious for the retention of English in their country. The literatures of Greece and Rome, in point of both beauty and meaning, had exerted as enduring an influence on Europe as the literature in Sanskrit had exerted on India.

Rome had recognized the cultural superiority of conquered Greece, and most of the Roman gods were the counterparts of those of Greece under different names, though in general more respectable than the Greek gods, some of whom had all-too-human failings. Interesting parallels were suggested between the gods of Europe and of India.

How wide-spread in ancient Europe a vivid belief in rebirth was, was also very interestingly brought out.

Indian mythology, Professor Haldane recognized, was far richer in moral lessons than the literatures of Greece and Rome. He felt, moreover, that European scholars, brought up in the Christian tradition, would profit greatly by six months in India as a preliminary to understanding the polytheistic cultures of early Europe. On the other hand, he strongly urged that young Indian scholars should study the mythologies of Greece and Rome. Viewing them from their own standpoint, they could see them in correct perspective and incidentally would understand better their own ancient past.

Professor Haldane suggested a parallel between the Trojan War and the war fought on the Plain of Kurukshetra, perhaps because of the great carnage and the noble warriors destroyed on both sides. Is there not, also, a closer parallel between the abduction of Helen and the fall of Troy and the *Ramayana's* account of the abduction of Sita and the conquest of Lanka?

In these days when science and technology are outrivalling the humanities in popularity, the science-teaching programme assumes great importance. Laetitia Bolton examines this problem in the "Annual Book Issue" of *Science*, organ of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. It is, she writes, the responsibility of educators in a democracy "not merely to train more scientists but to foster the understanding of science." We would add, the understanding of its responsibilities and of its place in national and world culture and affairs. From the next school year, she tells us, science teach-

ing will be mandatory in New York State schools from the first grade through the eighth. She quotes James R. Killian as maintaining that "the liberal arts of our time cannot be liberal if they reject or disdain science and technology." True, but even more important is his recognition that, conversely,

> science and technology cannot fulfill their responsibilities if our scientists and engineers lack the humanistic quality which has been ascribed to the Athenians—the art of making gentle the life of mankind.

The desirability, at the level of scientific specialization, of uniting the parts of science to form a comprehensive whole is touched on editorially in the same issue, in a consideration of the limitations of team projects of unification. The integration of scientific knowledge is indeed desirable if scientists restrict their generalizations to proved facts. But the project for producing a unified behavioural theory of man and society, with which the editorial specifically deals, seems to lie outside science's legitimate field.

The Central Gazetteer Unit of the Government of India, set up in January, has completed plans for compiling a National and District Gazetteers. This is good news. The District Gazetteers now kept in large libraries are rarely referred to except by the discerning, but they were evolved by a long and laborious process. In 1807 the East India Company's Directors planned for a statistical survey of the country, and the idea grew till Hunter submitted his plan for a Gazetteer of the country in 1869. With the voluntary co-operation of officers from more than 200 districts, he worked on his systematic plan till the Gazetteers were published early in this century.

At a recent meeting of the State Editors of Gazetteers, at New Delhi, the Central Unit decided that the revised District Gazetteers should follow a uniform pattern. According to a report in *The Statesman,*

> they should not merely be geographical dictionaries, but should attempt to describe vividly the social, political, economic and cultural life of the people living in a particular district. Based on the recommendations of an expert committee set up for this purpose three years ago, the plan lays down a pattern chapterwise with a view to making the treatment of the subject-matter compact and to reduce the margin of error, omission and duplication. Section headings have been kept broad enough to allow due emphasis to be placed on aspects of local administration peculiar to a district, without disturbing the arrangement of the chapters as a whole.

While warmly acknowledging the learning and industry displayed by their predecessors, the plan warns the revisers against the wholesale lifting of passages, whatever be their impress of profound scholarship. Time has wrought many a change in the ways and habits of men; and a new angle of vision has become necessary. The responsibility of the revisers is great.

> New ground will have to be broken in the historical section as in most of the old gazetteers the chapters on history end with the "Mutiny." To make the information up-to-date special care will have to be taken to ensure that neither the role of the district in the freedom struggle is over-emphasized nor is it duplicated with the information to be provided in the proposed National Gazetteer. To prevent such imbalance or over-simplification, the Central Unit will go through each District Gazetteer before it is passed for publication.

The plan for the National Gazetteer envisages the

> production of four volumes of about 500 pages each to replace the existing Imperial Gazetteers. The first volume will be confined to the physical features of the country and the race, religion and language of its people. The second volume will deal with the country's history and culture. Economic conditions with special reference to the available resources and the recent developments will form the subject-matter of the third volume. The last volume will concentrate on administration and the cultural and political integration of the country.

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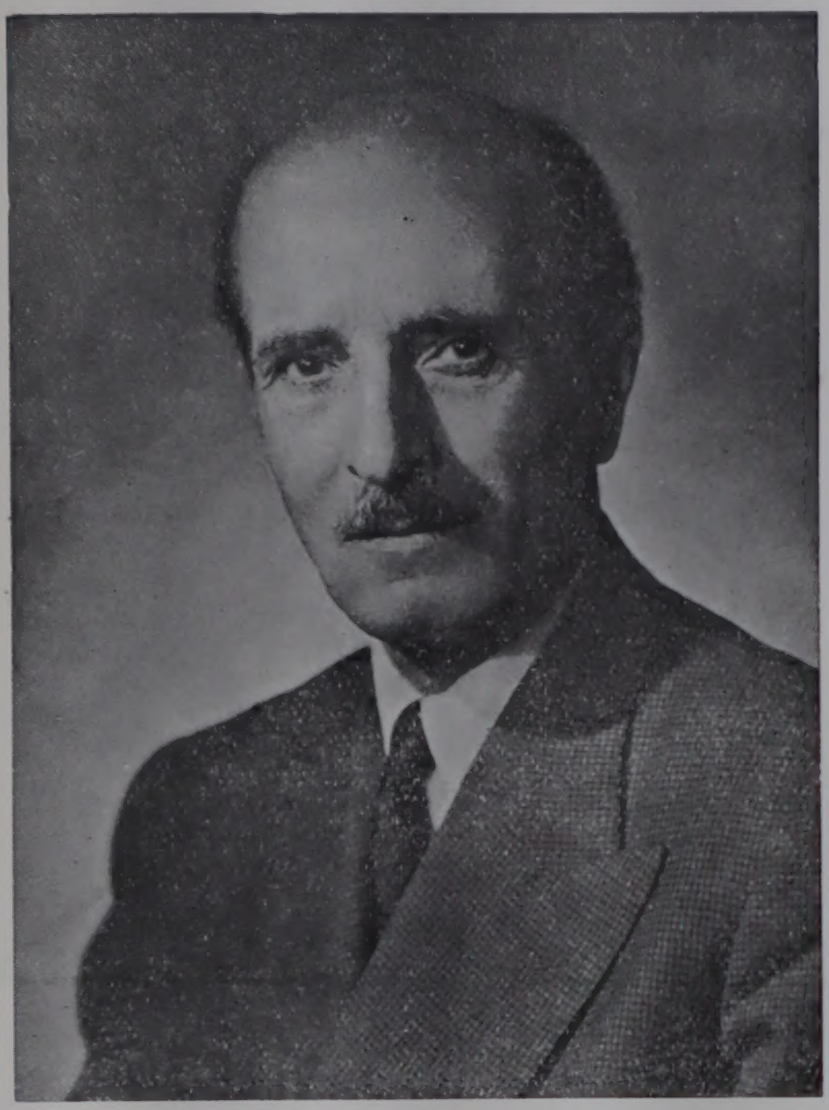

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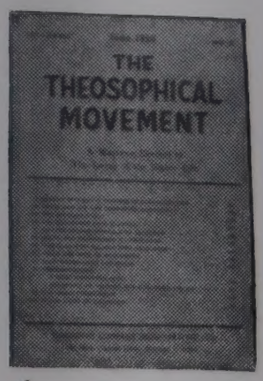

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B. P. WADIA

[We sorrowfully record the passing away of Shri B. P. Wadia ["Shravaka"] at Bangalore on August 20th. We owe to "Phren" the following appreciation, necessarily brief as this issue is already in the press.—ED.]

Shri B. P. Wadia, a great son of India and a devoted follower for over half a century of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky and her great Teachers, was born at Bombay, October 8th, 1881. He came of a famous line of Parsi shipbuilders. He might be said metaphorically to have followed the ancestral profession, but it was not at constructing ships of wood or steel that he laboured. He worked since 1922, side by side with faithful colleagues of the United Lodge of Theosophists on three continents—and, since 1929, especially in India—to salvage and refloat the barque of pure Theosophy, Mme. Blavatsky's restatement of the Ancient Wisdom, which had stranded on the sandbar of pseudo-Occultism and personal following.

He served also in other fields, suffering internment for his activity in the Home Rule League, of whose *New India* he was Assistant Editor. He also organized the first Labour Union in India and represented Indian Labour at the First International Labour Conference in 1919.

He initiated in 1930 and has long laboured for THE ARYAN PATH, of which Sophia Wadia was named as Editor in 1940. His often unsigned articles in it down the years ever conveyed high ideals and great ideas. Other monuments to his tireless spiritual and philanthropic energy have been his several books; the valuable Theosophical reprints brought out under his inspiration; the anonymously edited monthly, *The Theosophical Movement*; and the Indian Institute of World Culture at Bangalore, with Branches in London and Bombay, founded to promote world brotherhood and peace, of which he was the President for life.

For all that he was and all that he achieved he credited Theosophy with its teachings of an Impersonal Deity, present everywhere and in every human heart; Karma and Reincarnation; Universal Brotherhood and the perfectibility of man.

The world is grievously the poorer for his passing, but incalculably the richer for his years of tireless service. The seeds of aspiration he has sown in countless minds and hearts will yield their fair and fragrant harvest through the coming years, helping to make a nobler and a kinder world than that from which he passed so peacefully away.

PHREN